THE SELF-MADE MAN'S NUMBER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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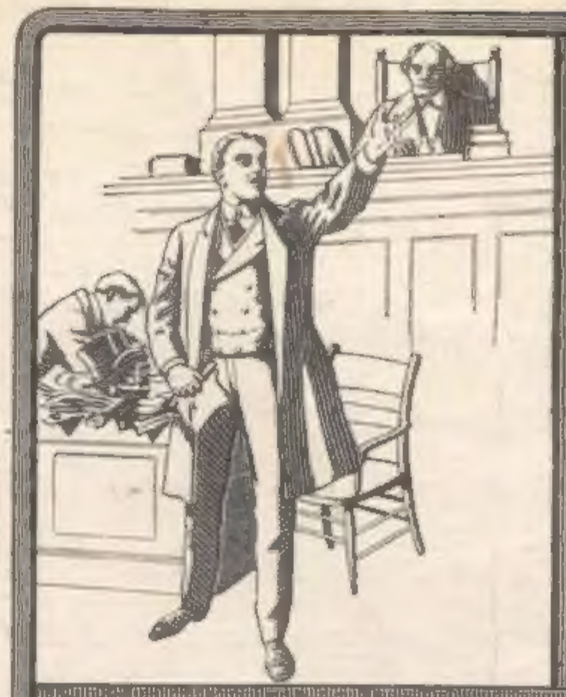

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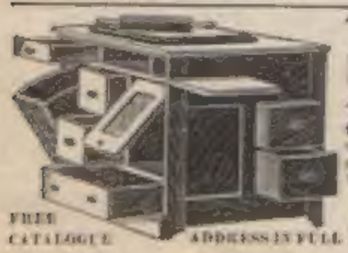

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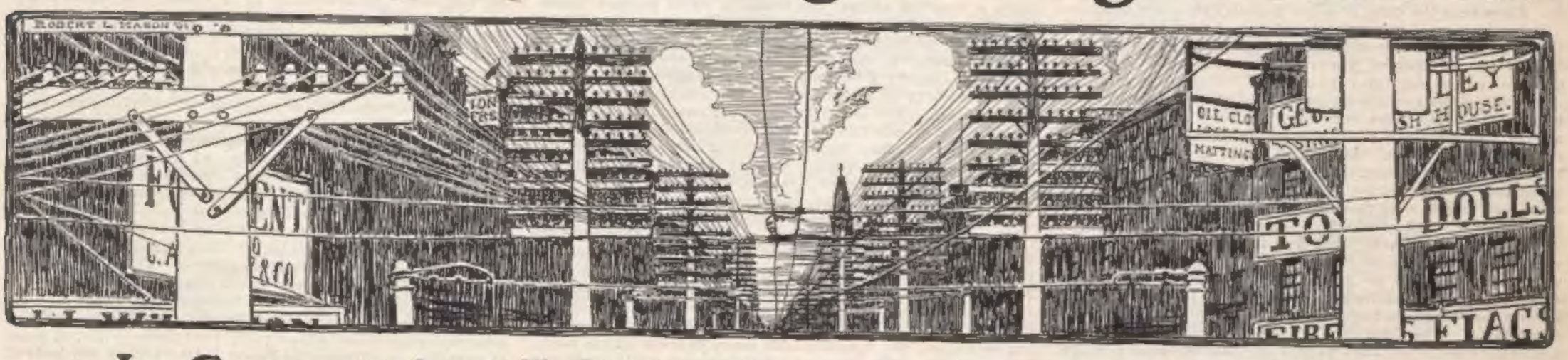
To Young Men Beginning Business



I—Concerning Telegraphy—By Albert B. Chandler

Chairman of the Board of Directors, Postal Telegraph Cable Company

Mr. Albert B. Chandler

THE telegraph business is unique among the important industries of the world. In itself it offers comparatively few of the great prizes obtainable in other important lines of business. On the other hand, it seems to furnish better opportunities for promotion to responsible positions in the world's affairs than is true of almost any other employment. This appears to be proved by the fact that a large number of one-time telegraphers are now leaders in finance, commerce, manufactures and railway service. Andrew Carnegie was a telegraph operator; and Sir William Van Horne, builder of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Mr. Hughitt, President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway; Mr. Earling, President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company; Mr. Oakes, former President of the Northern Pacific, and many others occupying positions of great importance and responsibility were telegraph operators. Even Wall Street has among its prominent men quite a number who began their business life at the telegraph key.

It is not mere chance that has pushed these telegraphers to the front. Their progress has been due in a large measure to their early connection with the telegraph business. Telegraphy sharpens the wits. No one becomes a skillful, accurate and rapid sender and receiver of messages who is not mentally alert. The service tones the mind and quickens the faculties; but the reason for the success of so many telegraphers is not due wholly to this phase of the business. It is to be found mainly in the opportunities offered telegraphers to get in close touch with men who carry the burden of extensive and important business.

Vast establishments like those in the principal stock yards of the country, the steel companies, and many other manufacturing concerns are provided with a telegraph department within their own works. Many bankers and brokers in Wall Street, and other large commercial houses, are similarly equipped, and the chief officers of railway companies have constantly at their command the most skillful operators they can find for the handling of dispatches. It is natural that operators so employed should be brought in close relations with their chiefs. Business of the most confidential character is intrusted to them. They have many opportunities for improving their skill, industry, alertness and loyalty. In many cases but a small part of their time is occupied in the actual transmission of messages, and if, instead of folding their hands in idleness when not at work at the key, they show a disposition to be helpful in every practicable way, they soon become almost invaluable in other confidential service, and thus have frequent opportunities to show their fitness for the conduct of other business than that of the mere handling of dispatches; so that when promotions are to be made, and the chief is looking about for some one upon whom he can rely, the telegraph operator at his side not infrequently is given the opportunity to try. When he measures up to the new responsibility it is very likely to prove a stepping-stone to still higher duties.

The Most Direct Road to Promotion

I am sometimes asked what feature of the telegraph service is most likely to bring promotion, and what course should be pursued in order to secure the most rapid advancement, and as to my own experience. Some operators attach special importance to very rapid transmission. Others study and practice to make clear and accurate copy, while others devote most of their time and attention to the electrical, mechanical and scientific features of the business. Though all of these are important, and all should be sought for with persistent diligence, none of them is certain to lead to any considerable advancement without other qualifications. Continuous industry, a disposition to be helpful in every practicable direction, and especially the exercise of good judgment, sound sense and discretion in the ordinary handling of business—and particularly in the midst of trying circumstances—are characteristics that should be aimed at by all employees in the telegraph service who are ambitious (as all should be) to improve their condition, and render the most useful service of which they are capable. The man who contents himself with doing what he thinks is his duty in a purely perfunctory way, taking care that he does not perform extra service except for extra pay, soon finds his place; and it will not be a place at the front, even though he may be skillful within the limits which he assigns himself. It seems strange that so plain a truth should not be well understood by every intelligent person, but it does not seem to be so. There are many persons of that sort, and they are among those who wonder why some one else is preferred before them when opportunity for promotion occurs.

In my own case I came to be a telegraph operator in the country town where I was born through having learned typesetting in the intervals of school, which brought me into occasional service in a book store in which the local telegraph office was situated. Just past my eighteenth year I was made manager of a commercial telegraph office of some importance. Most of the work was in the interest of two railway companies. I devoted myself very constantly to the various duties of the office, and was soon promoted to a place with the superintendent of one of the railways. I had cultivated a clear style of penmanship, which is an important essential both for operating and clerical service, and the aid I rendered in the making up of pay-rolls and other work not strictly within my own province evidently attracted the attention of my superiors—as voluntary work done outside of regular duties is likely to do—and within a few months I was appointed to the agency of an important station. From this time forward, although my progress has not been remarkable, especially by comparison with that made by many others, it has been continuous.

A Good Business to Get Out Of

In the nature of things there can be no very great reward for those who enter telegraph service and remain in it. Although the business itself is extensive, there are no positions connected with it that compare in point of emolument with the higher positions in many of the great railways, insurance companies and banking institutions, manufacturing establishments, and some other kinds of business. But the telegraph industry is loyal to its own, and such advancement as it has to offer goes almost exclusively to those who graduate from the key.

Most operators are trained in telegraph offices, usually beginning as messengers, and picking up operating by close attention to, and growing familiarity with, it. Hardly any other business prepares a young man or a young woman from seventeen to twenty-five years of age actually to earn as good pay as is realized from first-class operating service. But many have attained at twenty-five years all the skill that they ever acquire, and perform as valuable service, as operators only, as they are able to render in later years. The pay in advanced places is fair, and the work offers a reasonable future, but there can be no salaries in it such as are paid to a comparatively small number of persons in the employments that I have mentioned. Almost every office manager and nearly all the higher officials of the telegraph companies are telegraph operators.

The keenest intelligence is needed in the telegraph service. The educated man has a much better chance for promotion than the uneducated man. The college graduate, if he has in him the right sort of material, has greater possibilities of promotion than the man who is not a college graduate. But he must be the right sort of a college man. The average young man, who seeks a higher education merely for the polish that it gives him, is not so likely to develop a high degree of usefulness as the boy who enters business early in life, and devotes the four years that the other man spends in going through the university to active practical work. No man in this world can get too much genuine education—nor enough, for that matter—but with the opportunities afforded to-day a man may pick up all the education that he needs to obtain from books, at the same time that he is at work earning a living, if he will devote himself earnestly to it. Few men who are fitted for places at the front are seriously injured in their prospects if they have failed to secure a college training. They will succeed just the same.

Telegraphy Not a Widening Field

In the telegraph field there are only two considerable companies in this country, and the nature of the business is such that there are not likely to be more. These companies are doing business now at rates that bar newcomers absolutely from all reasonable motive for further competition. Therefore there is little prospect that the field for executive men in telegraphy will be greatly enlarged. On the other hand, the conditions are such that it may, in the future, be restricted. The advent of the telephone practically cut off the growth of short-distance business, and, though there has been a considerable and steady growth in the number of messages transmitted from year to year, it has not been in proportion to the growth of the country and the growth of many other enterprises. Nor has anything like the ratio been maintained that formerly existed. The last annual report of the Western Union Company shows that the total number of messages sent in the year 1891 was fifty-nine millions, and for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, it was sixty-five and a half millions, a gain of only six and a half millions in ten years. Previous to that time the company gained more than half that number of messages in single years. The Postal Company's service advanced from seven million messages to nearly seventeen millions within the same period. But, though this progress was satisfactory from our standpoint, it did not bring the whole increase up to the level formerly maintained in the growth of the number of telegraphic messages transmitted. It shows that the expansion of the past is not likely to be relatively duplicated in the future, although there will almost certainly be a continuous and steady increase in the total number of messages sent. This is one of the factors that restricts the business opportunity in telegraphy, and makes it impracticable to get in that field an assurance of such reward as is to be found in some other kinds of business. We cannot expect an expansion of business through the making of lower rates, for the messages now carried are at rates that will not admit of reduction. It is only by the closest management and most careful attention to every detail that the companies now in the field are able to clear dividends of four per cent. and five per cent. for their stockholders. This is realized by the persons who control the two companies, and, though the competition for business is as keen as it ever was, the "opposition" that meant the cutting of rates has gone, as I believe, never to come again.

Competition there will, no doubt, always be in the telegraph field while control is in private hands, but not of the wasteful and destructive character. The ideal situation, from the standpoint of ownership, would be the existence of one service only, but this has been proved impracticable, and will almost certainly remain so unless Government ownership comes. The people will not submit to having all their telegraph facilities in the hands of one private corporation. This has been proved again and again. Every time that enterprising financiers and promoters have got all the smaller and competing telegraph companies "tied up in a bag," as has been supposed, in a comparatively short time a new competitor has sprung up to share the field.

In several instances these new companies were started merely for purposes of piracy—to do the most harm in the shortest time—merely to sell out their mischief-making properties. After several concerns of this kind had been put

into operation and absorbed at excessive cost, the people who had their money invested in the legitimate telegraph properties perceived the wisdom of adopting measures to prevent unnecessary and inevitable waste, such as must follow rate cutting, rebating and the like ruinous methods. Private competition cannot bring the rates any lower. As it is, the telegraph business in America to-day is being carried at as low rates as prevail in Europe, where Government control is general. It is true that the rate per message in England and in Germany, and in other parts of the continent, is less than it is here. But all words transmitted are counted and charged for, while here the date, address, and signature are free.

It has been well ascertained that here the ten words which form the basis of our messages do not constitute quite one-half of the number of words carried, when the date, the address and the signature are counted. With these included the length of the average message is over twenty words. For long-distance messages our rates here are lower than they are in Europe. We send a message over fifteen hundred miles for sixty cents. Abroad, to cover the same distance involves a much greater charge. The countries there are so small that in transmitting a message over long distances it is necessary to pass over the lines of from three to half a dozen Governments, each of which exacts its full toll.

Our own Government, should it take the telegraph lines, would be at a considerable advantage over private corporations. It would be no great matter for the Government to establish a greater uniformity of rates, and to fix tolls on a basis so low as to be impossible of attainment by a private corporation. The idea of a flat rate, regardless of distance and other conditions, such as now prevails on letter postage, it would probably never be able to carry out; but it is quite conceivable that the Government could reduce the classifications to, say, four or five, on which it might perhaps fix a minimum rate of fifteen cents and a maximum rate of fifty cents for ten words, though we have no data by which any definite figures can be laid down. The Government could economize in many ways that are not open to a private corporation. It could wipe out the item of taxation which, in many places, is now most burdensome and unreasonable. It could have the right-of-way everywhere at little or no cost, whereas the private corporation must pay dearly for such rights. The Government could use the post-offices for telegraph stations, thus avoiding large expenditures for rental. Having no competition it could materially reduce the number of offices without bringing any hardship on the people.

As an example of what could be done by the Government in this direction, I may mention the island of Manhattan for illustration. There the Postal Telegraph Company maintains a hundred offices; the Western Union probably maintains twice as many. That means that rent must be paid for three hundred offices, that three hundred office managers must be engaged, and many other employees maintained. The same amount of business could be easily done in a much smaller number of offices without occasioning inconvenience to the public. The Government would have to earn no dividend on the invested capital if the business should be carried on as the post-office business is, and claims for damages would probably be treated as they are by the telegraph administrations in Europe—that is, they would not be recognized, and no responsibility in money would be assumed.

It has often been asserted that the reason telegraph rates cannot be further reduced by the companies is that they are compelled to earn dividends on "watered" stock. However true this may have been in the past, it is not true now. Neither the Government nor any other agency could replace the existing telegraph lines, equipment and all that pertains to them, for a less sum than is represented by their outstanding securities, and it would take many years to do the work. I doubt whether Government administration could or would provide as efficient service as that which the public is now enjoying. The people who work for the telegraph companies hold their positions on merit only. It is questionable whether employees who depend upon political influence would do as well. The fear of increasing political patronage, the fear that under Government control the telegraphs would not be managed for the benefit of the whole people, has undoubtedly been and still is a strong reason in the minds of many why Government ownership of the telegraph lines is undesirable.

Whether the telegraph service passes under public control or remains as it is to-day, its future development is certain to be very great. Though telephony has reduced the growth of short-distance business, the long-distance business is not likely to be unfavorably affected. In many cases the long-distance telephone has increased long-distance telegraphy.

Under Government control, telegraph business would probably be increased, and so would the demand for experts in the business. Economizing as it could, the Government would almost of necessity reduce the present tolls, and thus stimulate an increased use of telegraph facilities. People would learn to use the telegraph wires almost as freely as they use the mails now. This would necessitate extensive construction, as the telegraph wires are now practically carrying all the business their capacity permits. When the great equipment in existence to-day is considered, such a condition means something. The two companies in the United States have about 220,000 miles of poles and cables and 1,100,000 miles of wire. There were sent over these wires last year eighty-two million messages at an average cost of about thirty cents to the sender. Such figures as these show the enormous industry that we possess to-day in telegraphy and the assurance that it holds out for, at least, a moderately successful career to those who enter its service. That this future is appreciated is made evident by the superior class of persons who are being attracted to the business. I believe it is not too much to say that, as a whole, the considerable army of telegraph employees is the equal, if not the superior, in point of morality, intelligence and good citizenship, of any body of men in any other pursuit.

The telegraph industry is now on a clean business basis. It has been thoroughly systematized. It is divided into departments as other great industries are divided, and it is carried on with economy, energy, and, on the whole, with commendable efficiency.

Her Undoubted Right—By Lloyd Osbourne

WASN'T it perfectly horrid of him?" she said.

"It was low," I said. "It was inexcusable. It was acting like a cad!"

"Oh, Mr. Houseman," she said, "you don't know what a comfort it is to speak to you about it. You can understand: you are—a gentleman; it's the sort of thing I couldn't tell my brother, you know—or any of them."

"They'd be sure to make a row or something," I said; "want to punch his head or do him up generally."

"That's just it!" she exclaimed. "They take everything so hard. They'd overdo it and only get me talked about!"

"Which would only be punishing yourself," I remarked.

"A girl is so helpless," she said.

"I don't see why you ever gave it to him," I said.

"Of course, I was silly," she returned. "It was all my fault for trusting him—for thinking him—well, a man like you, Mr. Houseman. It happened when we were all off on a riding party together, at a place where we camped and picnicked, you know."

"You probably thought him nicer than he was," I said.

"I really did like him pretty well," she said. "He had such nice eyes, and he rode beautifully, and he was so mindful of all those little things that count so much with a girl—little attentions, you know, and all that. I could feel he wasn't quite the right thing—that he was a bit forward—the sort of man that kisses girls in tunnels, you know——"

"Well, go on," I said, as Miss Martin hesitated and gazed at the golfers dotted here and there on the distant green.

"Have you ever met any one," she began at last, "a stranger, you know—who seemed to sweep you off your feet, Mr. Houseman—who seemed in himself a sort of answer to all one's longings and heartaches? I can't express it, you know—I dare say it's all very childish and stupid—but did you ever feel that way toward a person?"

"Now that you mention it," I said, "I felt just such a sensation—a sort of shiver, isn't it?—when I was introduced to you this morning."

She gave me a heavenly smile.

"Now, I am sorry I ever spoke to you about Mr. Skirving."

"Oh, don't say that!" I exclaimed.

"A compliment at the wrong time is like a slap in the face," she observed. "I was just going to tell you something awfully intimate and indiscreet—a little peep, you know, into a very little-known place, a girl's heart of hearts! I fancied you were different from the rest of them. It's so disappointing!"

"To find I'm not?" I said.

"The most dangerous kind of man," she went on, "is the one that looks interested and lets *us* do the talking."

"Like Mr. Skirving?" I ventured.

"Not at all like Mr. Skirving," she said. "In the five hours I was with him he did everything in the world that I detest. He bragged about himself, about the women who were in love with him, about the heaps of money he had made, about his friends, his horses—even his dog was a better dog than any one else's dog. He looked round the entire horizon and saw nothing but—himself!"

"And *you*, I suppose," I said.

"I saw nothing but Skirving, either!" she exclaimed with a little laugh. "The man's egoism fairly fascinated me. I knew he was a bounder; I resented every word he said to me—and yet!——"

"I'm going to be dangerous and say nothing," I remarked as she looked at me.

"Oh, how I hate him!" she broke out. "And how I hate myself!"

"How can you hate anything so pretty and so charming?"

"I don't know whether you mean him or me," she said.

"I certainly didn't mean *him*," I returned.

"I never even gave him the little photograph," she said. "I happened to show it to him, that was all. Before I knew what he was doing he had stuck it in his watch."

"You ought to have made him give it back," I said. "I think it was an awful impertinence."

"I thought so, too," she said, "and I even told him so. But then he wanted to hold my hand, and that sort of changed the conversation."

"I hope you didn't let him do *that*," I said.

"I should think not!" she returned.

"You ought to have spoken to some of the men of the party," I said.

"I might have done that," she returned. "It's a pity now I didn't. I thought of it at the time—but the awful thing was, Mr. Houseman—I hardly dare confess it to myself—but I was *pleased*."

"You've surely changed your mind since!" I ejaculated.

"I'd give my diamond bracelet to have it back," she said solemnly; "and if you knew what that diamond bracelet meant to me—but nobody—no *man*—could realize it."

"How long ago did it happen?" I inquired.

"Tuesday week," she said. "Ten days ago!"

"And you've never seen him since?" I went on.

"That was one of the things that surprised me so much," she said. "When you have been paid a tremendous lot of attention, and you've had to refuse, all in the same afternoon, a polo pony and a prize bull-pup, and a spirit-flask with the Skirving crest, and a gold cigarette case with the Skirving crest, and a gold match-box with the Skirving crest, and a plated sandwich-box with the Skirving crest—well, you naturally expect to see something next day——"

"Of Skirving," I said, filling up the pause.

"Of course, I didn't care," she went on. "I was really almost thankful. The man had a dreadful fascination for me. . . . But, as I said, I was surprised."

"How did you hear he had been showing your picture in those places?" I asked.

"Charley Hopper told me," she replied.

"Charley Hopper," I repeated. "Do you mean the chap with the long hair and the crushed collar who pretends to drink absinthe at the Country Club?"

"Yes," she said.

"He always reminds me of one of those things that scurry out of sight when you turn over a log," I said.

"It's being decadent, you know," she said. "At least, *trying* to be decadent. He can't live down the fact that he supports his widowed mother and is paying to get his brother through college—it's awfully hard on Charley! Well, it was he who came and told me first. 'Do you know, Lynn,' he said 'there's a fellow down-town who's been showing your picture in his watch among pretty queer company in a pretty queer place? I don't know if *you* like that kind of thing, but I don't!' Of course I asked Charley what the man was like, and he described Skirving to a T: a tall, handsome man with a well-cut mouth and a devil-may-care air, and wonderful eyes that seem to see right through you."

"Did your decadent friend stop at that?" I asked.

"He said he thought he ought to mention it to me," she returned.

"Mention it!" I repeated. "He ought to have taken the fellow by the collar and bumped him heartily against the wall!"

"I wish he had," said Miss Martin vindictively. "Oh, how I wish he had!"

"Miss Martin," I said, "let us understand each other. I don't wish to take advantage of a very short acquaintance, nor appear intrusive or meddling myself. But if you want your photograph back I'll get it back!"

"Do you know him?" she exclaimed.

"No," I said; "but he'll jolly soon know *me*."

She clasped her hands and looked across at me with a radiant face. Her blue eyes sparkled and her breath rose and fell. Her cheeks were pink with excitement.

"Oh, you men!" she cried out. "How I envy you—envy your freedom, your courage, your directness!"

"Your friend shall have a taste of all three," I said.

"Don't call him my friend," she protested.

"I hope, at least, I may call myself that," I said.

She looked at me a shade doubtfully. "There's only one thing I'm afraid of," she said.

"Might I inquire what it is?" I asked.

"If you succeed, you know," she said; "if you really force him to give it back—you'll be generous with me, won't you, Mr. Houseman? I mean, I shall be so grateful I don't know that I could refuse you anything."

"Oh, I don't want the diamond bracelet!" I exclaimed.

"Nor anything else?" she said.

"Oh, Miss Martin," I said, "you mustn't expect to get something for nothing."

"Oh, you want to be paid!" she cried. "I thought Bayards did these things for the love of it."

"It's more often for the love of somebody else," I said.

"It's the old-fashioned road to a woman's heart," she said, "to fight her battles for her."

"Why old-fashioned?" I asked. "I was hoping it might still answer to-day."

"Perhaps it will," she said smiling.

"I'll tell you what I want," I said.

"Wouldn't it be wiser to leave that till afterward?" she returned. "Suppose he threw you out of the window or danced all over your prostrate form!"

"But you'd be just as grateful even if he did?" I said.

"Oh, I want my picture back," she said. "Of course I'd be sorry, you know. I'd be tremendously sorry. I hate to see my friends banged about. Why, when Willie Van Wyck blew himself off his automobile—he pulled the wrong thing or something—I sat in the road and cried over him like a baby!"

"I don't want to be cried over," I said.

"You haven't told me yet what you *do* want," she exclaimed.

"I dare say it's pretty presumptuous," I said, "but I want you to like me!"

"I do that already, Mr. Houseman," she returned with sweet seriousness. "Truly I do."

"I want you to like me lots and lots more than that," I said.

"I'll go on till you tell me to stop," she said.

"Suppose I never tell you to stop?" I inquired.

"That's a detail to be settled afterward," she replied, lowering her eyes. "The thing now is to get back my photograph."

"Have you any idea where I can find him?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest notion," she returned. "But I suppose he'll be at the Country Club. I haven't been there myself since for fear I might meet him."

"I wonder you didn't go and have it out with him yourself," I said.

She looked at me steadily.

"The man's a cad," she said. "I never want to see him again. He has mortified me inexpressibly. It makes me burn to think how I played into his hands—how stupid I was to like him—and to show I liked him."

"It'll be a privilege to tell him what I think of him."

"Oh, Mr. Houseman," she cried, "please don't do anything of the kind. All I want is to get my picture back, and that in the quietest way possible."

"I'll do it," I said.

"When?" she asked.

"I think now will be a very convenient time," I returned. "If you are going to do something disagreeable waiting only prolongs the agony."

We both rose and stood looking at each other. She slowly detached a rose from her dress and held it toward me.

"Are you superstitious?" she asked.

"No, I don't think so," I returned.

"I am going to pin this in your buttonhole as your *gage d'amour*," she said, "to give you courage in the tourney and remind you of the maid whose wrongs you will avenge."

"It will be my talisman," I said, bending for her to pin the rose in my coat. Womanlike she took several moments to do this to her satisfaction; and when at last she had added the final touch she suddenly pressed her lips to the petals.

"Now go!" she said, and as she raised her eyes to mine I saw they were filled with tears.

"Mr. Skirving, sir? Yessir! Over there in the window-seat, sir; yessir. Him that's leaning over and talking confidential-like to the small dark gent in 'unting costume."

The big room of the Country Club was all but empty. Except for a disdainful old lady reading a newspaper between sips of tea, and a pale young man sunk in an armchair before the fire, the place was as lifeless as an Egyptian tomb. Nothing broke the silence but a faint buzz of talk from the window-seat, where, half-hidden in the haze of cigar smoke, I could make out my man sitting with two companions. He was a handsome, somewhat dissipated-looking fellow, with an undeniably well-bred air and a pleasant, friendly manner. I noticed, with a rather disturbing sense of something melting inside me, that he looked as though he might be a clean hitter. Of the trio, I should have much preferred that fate had pitted me against the little dark man in breeches or the flabby creature with the eyeglass and gardenia who guarded the enemy's other flank. However, I was in for it now; and so, looking at my rose, and sustaining myself with the thought of that vivid, girlish face, I walked boldly over to the window and confronted Skirving.

"I beg your pardon," I said as all three looked up at me in some astonishment; "I am looking for Mr. Skirving."

I must have betrayed myself by my tone, for their first glances of embarrassed cordiality turned by fine gradations into a stony stare. Skirving deliberately laid down his glass, took the cigar from his mouth, and gazed at me coldly from tip to toe.

"I am Mr. Skirving," he said.

"Might I have a word with you in private?" I asked.

He gave me another long look.

"These gentlemen are my friends," he said. "You are quite at liberty to speak before them."

"It's on a very delicate matter," I said.

"The deuce it is," said Skirving with great insolence.

"A lady," I began, "whose name neither you nor I need mention, has charged me with a little commission. I dare say you are ignorant how deeply you have hurt her feelings."

Skirving rammed his hands in his pockets and eyed me fiercely.

"What lady?" he asked.

"I'd rather not mention names," I said.

"Have you the same delicacy about mentioning the commission?" he inquired ironically.

"No," I said.

"I don't like you," said Skirving, "and I don't like the tone you are taking to me, and I'd advise you for your own sake to pretty soon come to the point."

"Does that convey nothing to your mind?" I asked, pointing to his watch-chain.

"Do you think I stole it?" said Skirving.

"I mean the watch," I said.

"Well, it's mine, too," said Skirving.

"Not altogether," I observed blandly. "It happens to contain a lady's picture—a photograph—and the lady has requested me to get it back at the earliest possible moment."

Skirving looked up at me perfectly stupefied. Then the blood began slowly to color his face—a deep, beet-red that reached to the ears. His two friends broke into a loud titter, and the little dark man clapped him on the back.

"The lady wants it back, Skirving, old fellow," he cried. "Pony up, old man."

"I guess it was the little thing in blue he was telling us about," giggled the man with the eyeglass; "the girl that was so dead gone on him!"

The two friends broke into a roar of laughter at their own wit, while Skirving himself, furious and ashamed, the veins swelling out like whipcord on his crimsoning forehead, rose with a threatening movement to his feet.

"Please be calm," I said. "You must not make a scene here."

"Sit down!" cried his friends, and between them they forced him back into his chair.

"You will kindly give me the lady's picture," I said.

"And suppose I won't!" he ejaculated, looking me very grimly in the face.

"I will suppose nothing of the sort," I said.

"*You* don't suppose!" he cried out. "*You!* Who the deuce are *you?*" Only he didn't say deuce, but something a good deal stronger.

"I don't count in this matter at all," I said. "You will please regard me as simply the lady's messenger."

"I will tell you what I please to regard *you* as," he exclaimed, and did so with a wealth of epithet I've rarely heard excelled. "That's what *you* are," he said.

"When you have quite finished," I remarked, "I shall be glad to have that picture."

"You sha'n't have it!" he cried.

"Oh, pardon me," I said; "but I happen to be here to get it."

"You can't very well compel me!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I can," I said.

"How?" he demanded with a bulldoggish glare.

"Because I presume you are a gentleman," I said sweetly. (I didn't think he was one—but still!) "Because it's a lady's undoubted right to change her mind as often as she pleases, and to recall any little favor she may have given any—gentleman!"

"I never even asked her for it!" he cried with a sound that was almost like a sob. "She stuck it in my watch herself. Gad, she kissed the——"

"Oh, shut up!" cried the little dark man in alarm.

"I'll never speak to her again!" roared Skirving. "I'll never——"

"They're all alike," interrupted the flabby man. "I never spend a cent on women myself."

"Pity you hadn't spoken earlier!" exclaimed Skirving with a ghastly grin.

"When you are ready——" I said.

"If it wasn't such deuced bad form I'd kick you down the front steps," said Skirving.

"Oh, come," I said; "you know you can't help yourself."

"You're up against it!" said the little dark man to Skirving.

"But to think——" began Skirving.

"I think, myself," said the little dark man, "that you'd better go 'way back and sit down!'"

"And not bother any more about little things in blue!" added the flabby man with the eyeglass.

"Who's got a knife?" said Skirving.

I had, but I thought it wasn't for me to volunteer it.

"Here's mine," said the flabby man.

Skirving took it with trembling hands and, drawing out his watch—a magnificent hunter with his monogram in brilliants—he began to pick out the little photograph inside the case. I looked away, not caring to humiliate him by too close an attention; but out of the corner of my eye I could see he was making a very poor job of it. Quite unintentionally—I am perfectly sure of that—he slashed the face again and again with the glancing blade, and only got the thing out at last in a dozen different shreds of scraped paper. This accomplished, he held up the watch for me to see that there was nothing left of the girl's face.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said savagely.

I bowed.

"It wasn't my fault she stuck it in so infernally tight," he said, handing me a sort of paper lint that was now all that remained of the photograph.

"You've acted like a gentleman," I said, stuffing the remnants into my waistcoat pocket.

"For Heaven's sake, don't patronize me!" he cried.

"I'll wish you a good afternoon," I observed.

"Hold on a minute!" he exclaimed. "Be sure you represent this thing right to the young lady."

"I think you may trust me to do that," I said.

"I mean," he explained, speaking with some emotion, "I wouldn't like her to think I cut up her picture out of spite. You saw yourself it was stuck in like peanut candy and I had to maul it all to pieces to get it out."

"That was evident," I said.

"And tell her——" he began, "if I ever in all my life——"

"Oh, let it go at that!" exclaimed the little dark man.

"I will!" cried Skirving convulsively. "I won't demean myself by passing an opinon on such a——"

"I wish you gentlemen good afternoon," I said.

"We'll always be glad to see you round!" exclaimed the flabby man with ironical friendliness.

"Oh, call again, do!" cried the little dark man.

Skirving said nothing. I left him leaning with his elbows on the table, and staring with unseeing eyes at the ash-tray in front of him.

I had a hard hunt for Miss Martin, and though I rode out to four or five houses where I might expect to find her, and took in the Summerfield links as well, I failed everywhere in my quest. Somebody told me they had seen her driving out on the Riven Rock road, and still another that she was up at the Mission with some strangers; but though I sought her far and wide, and lathered my horse into a foam, I had no better luck than at first. After I had dressed for dinner—finding I had a few minutes to spare—I went round and telephoned to her house.

"This is Mr. Lionel Houseman," I said.

"Who?" inquired a tiny foreign voice.

"Mr. Lionel Houseman," I repeated.

"Mr. Lionel who?" inquired the tiny foreign voice.

"HOUSEMAN!" I shouted.

"Oh!" exclaimed the tiny foreign voice.

"Mr. Lionel Houseman wishes to speak to Miss Martin!" I said.

"This is Mr. Skirving!" she said, indicating the man next her

"It will be my talisman," I said, handing for her to pin the rose in my coat

"Oh, *you* are Mr. Houseman?" said the tiny foreign voice.

"I've been trying to tell you that for some time," I said, goaded into incivility.

"I am ze lady's maid," said the tiny foreign voice, "and I was told to give you message in case you rang up."

"A message?" I said.

"Miss Martin hopes to see you to-night at ze Charity Ball at ze Hotel Arlington."

"Be sure and tell her I shall be there," I said.

The ball was to be at nine o'clock, but a dinner engagement kept me after eleven, and it was fully midnight before I managed to reach the hotel. I had no little trouble to find Miss Martin in the crush, and it seemed as though even here the fates were still against me. But at last I ran across her in a sort of conservatory where she was sitting in a corner very eagerly talking to her partner—a big, handsome fellow whose face conjured up an indefinite recollection of a former acquaintance. He was certainly making a good deal of running with Miss Martin, and it caused me a pang to perceive her evident delight in his company. There was a caressing look in her soft eyes and a general animation and intensity in her whole expression that gave me a little shock to interpret to myself. However, even at the risk of spoiling sport, I walked up to her, and was received with an outstretched hand and a little cry of recognition.

"Well, I've done it," I said proudly, seating myself on the other side of her.

She murmured an inaudible introduction.

"You've done what?" she asked.

I took out those shreds of paper and laid them on her knee. "Here's all that's left of it," I said.

"Left of what?" she asked, turning them over with a rosy finger.

"Mr.—your friend's picture," I said guardedly.

She gave me a startled look.

"*This* is Mr. Skirving!" she said, indicating the man next her.

For a second we were all struck speechless, as though thunderbolts had descended from heaven.

"It must have been my brother Bill," exclaimed her partner in a choking voice.

"Do you mean to say you took this out of a man's watch?" asked Miss Martin with an almost hysterical intonation.

"At least I stood there and made a man scrape it out," I said. "They said he was named Skirving. He certainly never said he wasn't."

The two of them looked at me and then burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter. I tried to speak, to explain, to tell them how naturally it all had happened; but the moment I opened my mouth I was drowned in a double torrent of merriment. Skirving wiped his eyes and—I wonder he didn't have apoplexy. I wonder he didn't die.

"I see I have made a perfect ass of myself!" I said, when they had somewhat recovered.

"*This* was the gentleman I meant all the time!" said Miss Martin.

"I hope you don't expect me to do that kind of thing twice," I said.

"Oh, it's all arranged," said Miss Martin with another giggle of recollection. "He was wonderfully sweet and nice about it."

"I can't say that Bill was!" I said.

"Oh, Bill!" cried Skirving, going off again.

I turned over Miss Martin's card. Not that I was in any humor to dance, but it seemed a straw to cling to in that terrible moment. I noticed, first of all, that it was filled from one to sixteen, and secondly, that every blank bore the name of "Anthony Skirving."

"I think you ought to tell him," said Skirving.

"It's awful that he should be the first one!" said Miss Martin.

"The fact is," said Skirving impressively, "I have just proposed to this young lady and she has done me the great honor of accepting me."

"Will you allow a poor worm to retire?" I said.

"Oh, don't go, Mr. Houseman!" exclaimed Miss Martin.

"Not, at least, before congratulating you, my dear young lady, on the happy event," I said, rising to my feet.

"You can't feel half as ashamed as I do," said Miss Martin.

"Oh, don't mention it," I said; "but if you'll pardon me I'll just take these wisps and try to find Bill."

"Well, there's one thing about Bill I think I ought to tell you," said Skirving. "He has a strong sense of humor."

"Thank Heaven!" I said.

"Jim" Hill's Boyhood—By Cy Warman

Author of The Story of the Railroad

THE artist who pictured "Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, shoveling coal at fifty cents a day," drew from his imagination; and the reader who regards the famous railroad man as one who got his first money by rough toil has been misinformed. If the writer has not been imposed upon Mr. Hill inherited his first few hundred, and from his boyhood his head has always helped his hands.

In the first half of the past century many Hills of Scotch-English origin came from the North of Ireland and settled in the Canadian wilderness. Only two of the original Hills lived long enough to raise families. One of these had two sons, James J. and A. S. T.—"Jim" and "Alec"—and one daughter. Hovering about a rocky glen, cleft by the crystal waters of the Little Grand, sleeps the picturesque village of Rockwood—the home of the Hill boys. Although but sixty years old Rockwood has six hundred inhabitants, and deserves even more, for it is one of the quietest and most picturesque places in Canada. Moreover, it is in the heart of the Ontario turnip belt. Here the turnip is entrained and shipped in carload lots to the United States to be made into marmalade and pear preserves. One farmer, who was probably trying to be funny, informed me that the Canadian cheese which bore such a striking resemblance to the late William Nye, and which captured first prize at the Pan-American Exposition, was only an ordinary Ontario turnip chemically treated by an enterprising Yankee. A Hartford man, he said, had put whiskers on some, stuck pine needles in others and sold them for cocoanuts and pineapples. When I became satisfied that he was chaffing me I mounted my bicycle and wheeled out to the edge of the village where there is a vacant lot, where three half-rotted logs, a stone or two and a small heap of crumbled brick and plaster remain to mark the place where the humble home stood.

Across the rill, at the top of the hill, an old frame storehouse stands. In this store "Jim" Hill worked as a clerk. That was his first job. Here he used to spend his evenings after school, weighing turnips and taking care of the books. When not in the store he did odd jobs to pay his tuition at the Rockwood Academy, for his widowed mother was poor.

Farther down the road I found a man who had been playmate and schoolmate with the Hill boys. He was an interesting man, who showed the influence of the old academy that flourished there some thirty years ago.

"The secret of Jim Hill's success," he said, repeating my question, "is Jim Hill. He had it in him, and he has hacked out his own fortune with his own little hatchet, and deserves it all. What sort of a boy was he? He was a good boy, intelligent, industrious, kind-hearted, scrupulously clean and honest. I did not know then, have never known since, and know not now a finer young fellow than James Hill was when, after making his way through the Rockwood Academy, he quit Passmore's store and walked down the road and out of the village. He may have lost some of his lamblike meekness working his way in the wild West and later battling with the bulls and bears in the tumultuous East, but as a boy James Hill was a model."

Many quaint and interesting tales are told of "Jim" Hill around Rockwood, some possible, others impossible. Of a piece with the coal-shoveling story, though more likely, is an incident related by farmer McNabb. He claimed, until he died, that he employed young Hill to mow a meadow, the contract price being eleven dollars, and that Hill, being anxious to have new boots to wear out West, went barefooted while he mowed, and that it was this eleven dollars that carried him out of Canada. Another man was of the opinion that, all told, the President of the Great Northern had sent back to Canada about one hundred dollars for every dollar he had taken away. There is plenty of evidence that from one hundred to two hundred thousand have come back, and there is evidence also that of ready money he had not enough to rattle as he walked down the dusty road from Rockwood.

We hear of him next out on the Big Water. Here again his head helps his hands, for he is clerking on a Mississippi mudboat. Farther out and higher up there was another river without boats. Here on the Red River he established a little line of steamers, doubtless with the grub-stake he had from home. He became forwarding agent for other shippers, passed flour and bacon, tobacco and calico up into the hills, and caught the dust and pelts the prospectors and trappers sent down. A vast amount of the Hudson Bay Company's business passed through his hands, and he was in a new academy—taking his first lesson in transportation. By this time "Jim" Hill was pretty well known on this continent and in England, for you could not pass through St. Paul without seeing him, and you could not see him without hearing of the wondrous West, of the undiscovered mines in the mountains, the unplowed fields of the Red River Valley and the unknown bounding prairies of British Columbia. He talked, too, to men of means, of a poor little railroad that pointed west from St. Paul, in bankruptcy and disgrace. Mr. Hill wanted this railroad, wanted to put an end to its troubles, wanted it for the development of his new empire.

The Bank of Montreal had become the unwilling owner of a lot of steel at Joliet, Illinois. The matter was in litigation; two of the bank's representatives were in Chicago with six days to kill. They decided at once that they would not return to Montreal. Should they stay in Chicago or go out and see Jim Hill and his new country, of whom and of which they had heard through the assistant governor of the Hudson Bay country, who is now a Lord?

To decide the matter they flipped a copper. The West won, they saw it, saw the Red River Valley and the wide, wild prairies that billowed away to the north beyond the border. All the while Mr. Hill was between them talking low and earnestly, inspiring them with his honesty, his quiet enthusiasm, and his never-failing faith in the future of the Northwest.

'Twas a wonderful country he had shown them, a wonderful tale he had told them, and he brought them out panting for the West as the hart panteth for the water-brook.

One of the bank officials journeyed to Holland, told what he had seen and heard, and urged the Dutch bondholders to find a few more pfennigs to reclaim the little railroad and extend it still farther into that wonderful new world that lay asleep on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

"Nein," said the Dutchman, and his voice shook the side walls of his house of gold. "We will sell our bonds to the Bank of Montreal."

"But we have not the money necessary for the extension; besides, it will take six months to secure the legislation needed to allow of the continuation of the road."

"Take a year," said the Hollander, looking over the gold rim of his glasses, "and you can have our bonds at so much on the dollar."

The Canadian staggered, gripped the mahogany and nodded, meaning that the offer would be accepted.

Now, the Montreal people needed a man who looked like a Methodist minister, but wasn't, to work among the Minnesota legislators, and Jim Hill was at hand.

During that winter Mr. Hill fell in with a young man (who has since been as successful, and made as much mileage if not so much money as he himself has made) on a like mission, but whose business and desires lay rather to the Southwest, and the two became friends and allies. Mr. Hill talked soft and low to the fellows from far away while his friend talked fast and fluently to the town boys, making on the backs of envelopes lightning sketches of things to be, and wonderful word pictures of unpeopled provinces still asleep in their virgin beauty in the boundless West. He joked them and jollied them, stayed awake and walked with them to the forks of the road where they met and mingled with the far-aways, when they all filed in and voted—voted better than they knew, gave a few acres of wilderness away to men who, in return, gave to the world a new empire.

Mr. Hill has had luck, but he did not sit down in the little glen at Rockwood and wait for it—he went after it, and who shall say he has not deserved success! I know not how the other fared with his people, the young man who talked fast and fluently to the town boys—but when these Montreal men met to cut up the caribou which all had helped to capture, they gave a hind-quarter to Hill, and from that moment he was a millionaire. Yes, he had made a million dollars in a few years, but he has done much more for the West and for the World, and is still up and doing. He has taken a little wrecked and bankrupt road and stretched it across the biggest and best half of the continent, and made it possible for you to cross this once wild West in luxury, with your library, bath and barber at hand. You know from what you have seen and heard and read that all this, if not actually created, was helped and hastened and brought about by the pluck and patience of "Jim" Hill!

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to his son Pierrepont, at the Commercial House, Jeffersonville, Indiana

—looked so blamed important and cheeky

CHICAGO, March 1, 189–.

Dear Pierrepont: When I saw you start off yesterday I was just a little uneasy; for you looked so blamed important and chesty that I am inclined to think you will tell the first customer who says he doesn't like our sausage that he knows what he can do about it. Repartee makes reading lively, but business dull. And what the house needs is more orders.

Sausage is the one subject of all others that a fellow in the packing business ought to treat solemnly. Half the people in the world take a joke seriously from the start, and the other half if you repeat it often enough. Only last week the head of our sausage department started to put out a tin-tag brand of frankfurts, but I made him take it off the market quicker than lightning, because I knew that the first fool who saw the tin-tag would ask if that was the license. And, though people would grin a little at first, they'd begin to look serious after a while; and whenever the butcher tried to sell them our brand they'd imagine they heard the bark, and ask for "that real country sausage" at twice as much a pound.

He laughs best who doesn't laugh at all when he's dealing with the public. It has been my experience that, even when a man has a sense of humor, it only really carries him to the point where he will join in a laugh at the expense of the other fellow. There's nothing in the world sicker-looking than the grin of the fellow who's trying to join in heartily when the laugh's on him, and to pretend that he likes it.

Speaking of sausage with a registered pedigree calls to mind a little experience that I had last year. A fellow came into the office here with a shriveled-up toy spaniel, one of those curly, hairy little fellows that a woman will kiss, and then grumble because a fellow's mustache tickles. Said he wanted to sell him. I was not really disposed to add a dog to my troubles, but on general principles I asked him what he wanted for the little cuss.

The fellow hawed and choked and wiped away a tear. Finally, he fetched out that he loved the dog like a son, and that it broke his heart to think of parting with him; that he wouldn't dare look Dandy in the face after he had named the price he was asking for him, and that it was the record-breaking, marked-down sacrifice sale of the year on dogs; that it wasn't really money he was after, but a good home for the little chap. Said that I had a rather pleasant face and he knew that he could trust me to treat Dandy kindly; so—as a gift—he would let me have him for five hundred.

"Cents?" says I.

"Dollars," says he, without blinking.

"It ought to be a mastiff at that price," says I.

"If you thought more of quality," says he, in a tone of sort of dignified reproof, "and less of quantity, your brand would enjoy a better reputation."

I was pretty hot, I can tell you, but I had laid myself open, so I just said: "The sausage business is too poor to warrant our paying any such price for light-weights. Bring around a bigger dog and then we'll talk;" but the fellow only shook his head sadly, whistled to Dandy, and walked off.

I simply mention this little incident as an example of the fact that when a man cracks a joke in the Middle Ages he is apt to affect the sausage market in the Nineteenth Century, and to lay open an honest butcher to the jeers of every dog-stealer in the street. There's such a thing as carrying a joke too far, and the fellow who keeps on pretending to believe that he's paying for pork and getting dog is pretty apt to get dog in the end.

But all that aside, I want you to get it firmly fixed in your mind right at the start that this trip is only an experiment, and that I am not at all sure you were cut out by the Lord to be a drummer. But you can figure on one thing—that you will never become the pride of the pond by starting out to cut figure eights before you are firm on your skates.

A real salesman is one-part talk and nine-parts judgment; and he uses the nine-parts of judgment to tell when to use the one-part of talk. Goods ain't sold under Marquess of Queensberry rules any more, and you'll find that knowing how many rounds the Old 'Un can last against the Boiler-Maker won't really help you to load up the junior partner with our corn-fed brand hams.

A good many salesmen have an idea that buyers are only interested in baseball, and funny stories, and Tom Lipton, and that business is a side line with them; but as a matter of fact mighty few men work up to the position of buyer through giving up their office hours to listening to anecdotes. I never saw one that liked a drummer's jokes more than an eighth of a cent a pound on a tierce of lard. What the house really sends you out for is orders.

Of course, you want to be nice and mellow with the trade, but always remember that mellowness carried too far becomes rottenness. You can buy some fellows with a cheap cigar and some with a cheap compliment, and there's no objection to giving a man what he likes, though I never knew smoking to do anything good except a ham, or flattery to help any one except to make a fool of himself.

Real buyers ain't interested in much besides your goods and your prices. Never run down your competitor's brand to them, and never let them run down yours. Don't get on your knees for business, but don't hold your nose so high in the air that an order can travel under it without your seeing it. You'll meet a good many people on the road that you won't like, but the house needs their business.

"It ought to be a mastiff at that price," says I

Some fellows will tell you that we play the hose on our dry salt meat before we ship it and that it shrinks in transit like a Baxter Street Jew's all-wool suits in a rainstorm; that they wonder how we manage to pack solid gristle in two-pound cans without leaving a little meat hanging to it; and that the last car of lard was so strong that it came back of its own accord from every retailer they shipped it to. The first fellow will be lying, and the second will be exaggerating, and the third may be telling the truth. With him you must settle on the spot; but always remember that a man who's making a claim never underestimates his case and that you can generally compromise for something less than the first figure. With the second you must sympathize, and say that the matter will be reported to headquarters and the boss of the canning-room called up on the carpet and made to promise that it will never happen again. With the first you needn't bother. There's no use feeding expensive "hen-food" to an old Dominick that sucks eggs. The chances are that the car weighed out more than it was billed, and that the fellow played the hose on it himself and added a thousand pounds of cheap salt before he jobbed it out to his trade.

Where you're going to slip up at first is in knowing which is which, but if you don't learn pretty quick you'll not travel very far for the house. For your own satisfaction I will say right here that you may know you are in a fair way of becoming a good drummer by three things:

First—When you send us Orders.

Second—More Orders.

Third—Big Orders.

If you do this you won't have a great deal of time to write long letters, and we won't have a great deal of time to read them, for we will be very, very busy here making and shipping the goods. We aren't specially interested in orders that the other fellow gets, or in knowing how it happens after it has happened. If you like life on the road you simply won't let it happen. So just send us your address every day and your orders. They will tell us all that we want to know about "the situation."

I was cured of sending information to the house when I was very, very young—in fact, on the first trip which I made on the road. I was traveling out of Chicago for Hammer & Hawkins, wholesale dry-goods, gents' furnishings and notions. They started me out to round up trade in the river towns down Egypt ways, near Cairo.

I hadn't more than made my first town and sized up the population before I began to feel happy, because I saw that business ought to be very good there. It appeared as if everybody in that town needed something in my line. The clerk of the hotel where I registered wore a dicky and his cuffs were tied to his neck by pieces of string run up his sleeves, and most of the merchants on Main Street were in their shirt-sleeves—at least those that had shirts were—and so far as I could judge there wasn't a whole pair of galluses among them. Some were using wire, some a little rope, and others just faith—buckled extra tight. Pride of the Prairie XXX flour sacks seemed to be the nobby thing in boys' suitings there. Take it by and large, if ever there was a town which looked as if it had a big, short line of dry-goods, gents' furnishings and notions to cover it was that one.

But when I caught the proprietor of the general store during a lull in the demand for navy plug, he wouldn't even look at my samples, and when I began to hint that the people were pretty ornery dressers he reckoned that he "would paste me one if I were not so young." Wanted to know what I meant by coming swelling around in song-and-dance clothes and getting funny at the expense of people who made their living honestly. Intimated that when it came to a humorous get-up my clothes were the original end-man's gag.

I noticed on the way back to the hotel that every fellow holding up a hitching-post was laughing, and I began to look up and down the street for the joke, not understanding at first that the reason why I couldn't see it was because I was it. Right there I began to learn that, while the Prince of Wales may wear the correct thing in hats, it's safer when you're out of his sphere of influence to follow the styles that the hotel clerk sets; that the place to sell clothes is in the city, where every one seems to have plenty of them; and that the place to sell mess pork is in the country, where every one keeps hogs. That is why when a fellow comes to me for advice about moving to a new country, where there are more opportunities, I advise him—if he is built right—to go to an old city where there is more money.

I wrote in to the house pretty often on that trip, explaining how it was, going over the whole situation very carefully, and telling what our competitors were doing, wherever I could find that they were doing anything.

I gave old Hammer credit for more curiosity than he possessed, because when I reached Cairo I found a telegram from him reading: "*Know what our competitors are doing: they are getting all the trade. But what are you doing?*" I saw then that the time for explaining was gone and that the moment for resigning had arrived; so I just naturally sent in my resignation. That is what we will expect from you—or orders. Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

Everybody There

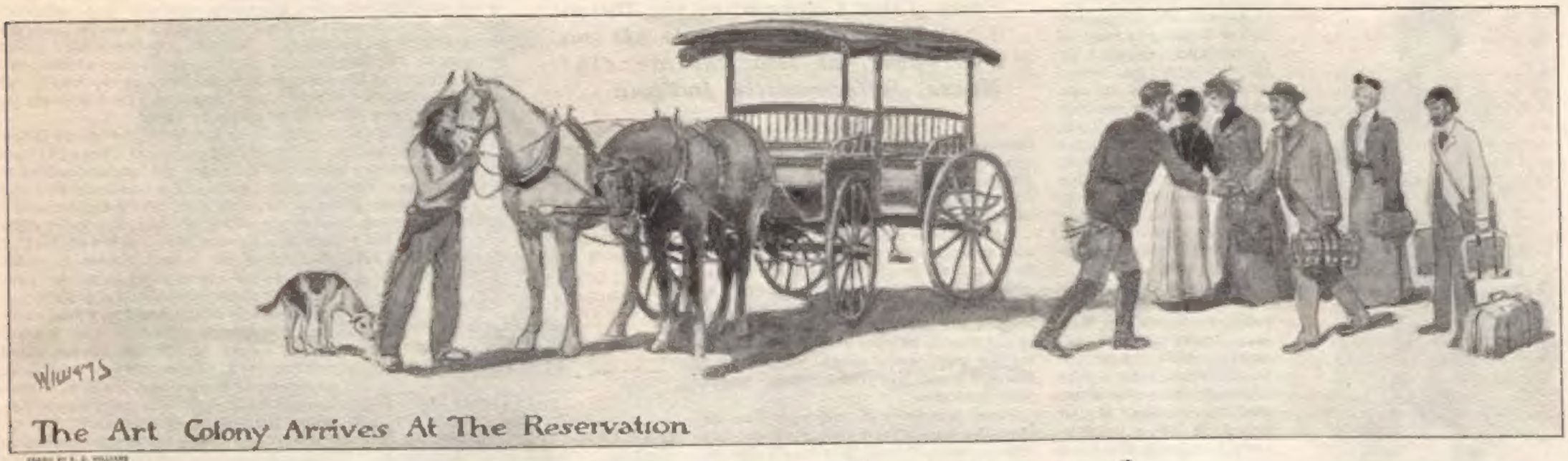
THE annual meeting of the National Live Stock Association, held in Chicago in the first week of December, brought together a great many breezy Western characters. At its first session the convention was addressed by Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. His speech aroused a great deal of enthusiasm, and in his closing sentence he referred to the presence on the platform of Mr. Norman Colman, the first man in the United States to hold the office of Secretary of Agriculture. "So you see," he added, "you have with you to-day the Alpha and Omega of the Department."

An hour later a delegate from the Northwest, in the course of an impassioned speech, referred to the honor done the convention by the presence of the two gentlemen. He hesitated a minute, to be sure he had caught the phrase correctly, and then said, utterly unconscious of his mistake:

"As Secretary Wilson remarked, we have in our midst this morning the Alfalfa and Omega of the Department."

You can buy some fellows with a cheap cigar

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop



The Art Colony Arrives At The Reservation

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By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS—Captain George Curtis, U. S. A., is Indian Agent on a Tetong Reservation, having been sent to relieve an Agent who mistreated the Indians. Jennie, the sister of the Captain, is also at the Agency. There is great unrest and threatened trouble there because of the plans of the cattlemen of the State to force the Indians from the Reservation. Elsie Brisbane, an artist, the daughter of United States Senator Brisbane, and Osborne Lawson, an author from the East, were at the Agency when Curtis arrived, but have returned to Washington. Miss Brisbane was at first bitterly antagonistic to Curtis, but has come to see the justice of his position regarding the Indians. She is a girl of striking beauty and is understood to be engaged to Lawson, but Captain Curtis has himself fallen in love with her. Summoned to Washington to testify regarding Indian affairs he has called on the Brisbanes by invitation and was grossly insulted and ordered from the house by the Senator, whose political interests are all with the cattlemen.

ELEVENTH CHAPTER

THE worst of the situation was that Curtis had forty-eight hours' ride on the train in which to go over and over the shameful words of Brisbane's order of ejectment. The tone of voice in which he had spoken now seemed more incredibly insulting than his words, and the satanic sneer of his white and flabby face more intolerable than any blow. At times Curtis wondered why he had not, with one swift thrust of his arm, beaten his insulter's head against the wall—and at the thought a horror of remorse laid hold upon him, a feeling almost like that which would have followed the actual blow, and he shuddered at the folly of the imagined encounter.

Then surely—like the turn of a wheel on its axle—he returned to the study of the girl's face as she defended him, and comfort came with the memory. That she was deeply shocked and horrified at her father's brutal insolence was written in lines of fire on her delicate and sensitive face. And the final realization of her helplessness, either to check her father or to shield her guest—that, too, in some indefinable way, brought solace to the soldier. He spent a great deal of time thereafter in designing letters to her which should express his sorrow and take the burden of the whole disgraceful scene upon himself, but in the end he decided to wait till he reached home and had requisite leisure. He decided also not to mention the encounter to any one, not even to Jennie—doubtless Elsie would tell Lawson, but probably it would go no further unless Brisbane should boast of it at his club. He looked like a man in liquor at the time, and if so might not report the incident when in his sober senses.

The feeling of having lost, beyond recovery, all chance of winning Elsie as a wife now became quite definite, and enabled him to estimate the loss which was the greatest he had ever suffered in his life. He no longer attempted to deceive himself. He loved her and would continue to love her. As he grew restless on the train the vivid recollection of some beautiful gesture or negligent attitude would come before his inner eye and throw him into wordless dream—sad, but with a singular species of joy nevertheless.

It was the longest ride he had ever taken, but at last he caught sight of the faint snowy range of peaks on whose slope the Agency sat. Soon the Cleft Butte to the right of Piñon City rose, then the familiar squalid walls, the Station—and Crane's Voice sat waiting with smiling face for his "boss," as he delighted to call the Captain when he wished to be very much like the white man.

As he shook hands with the Tetong boy Curtis dropped his dark musings and became once more "the Little Father" of the Reservation. His bag was bulging with toys for the little ones and he had some tobacco of a new flavor for the old chiefs. He became suddenly eager to greet his people.

As he came in sight of the Agency some enthusiast rang the bell in furious clangor of greeting and every employee came running. When they saw him each and all cried out: "Ah! It is our father!" And they moved as a mob upon him, desiring to shake his hand and to congratulate him on his safe return. The children, laughing and screaming, came rushing in a big covey, crying:

"Hajent! Hajent!"

"Hello, Major! Hello, Major!"

Jennie ran to rescue him. All gave way for her as she drew near, and they smiled as she put her arms about his neck and cried: "Oh, George! I'm glad to see you. Did you have a good time?"

"Splendid!" he replied.

"Did you kill off their bill?"

"I helped."

"The papers say you did. Some of them are bitter—but you're starving; come and get some dinner."

At the table, while every window was filled with smiling faces and while the old chiefs sat in the study waiting to hear the news, Curtis told of what he had seen—of Lawson's stupendous flat, of Brisbane's castle, of the great new Library, and at last of the Committee and the hearing. Jennie had no suspicion of any change of feeling on his part.

"Did you hear anything about Elsie's engagement? Is she to marry Lawson?"

"That is as good as settled," he replied matter-of-factly, and so concealed completely his own sinking of the heart, and set at rest her suspicion that he had ever been unduly interested in Elsie himself.

In the bustle of resuming his duties Curtis found unexpected relief from his painful memories of Washington. He made no effort to forget Elsie, but the press of accumulated records, estimates and decisions, together with the various rulings pertaining to his despotic reign, kept all other troubles outside the gates of consciousness. The luxury of really thinking was reserved till the end of the day, when he could sit beside his fire and smoke his pipe and dream.

He had definitely said: "Behold, it is ended. I am not to be a husband—that seems settled," when a letter from Elsie came to set his brain whirling once more. It was a shock to look upon her handwriting again after having given up all hope of hearing from her. The letter began impulsively:

> *Dear Captain Curtis:* I am a very bad letter writer and I am writing now only because I am furious to think of father's treating you so outrageously. I have known of his doing such things before—but generally he has had some excuse. In your case it was unpardonable. I haven't spoken to him since. I didn't tell Osborne—it was too shameful—and old John will not say a word. I know how you must feel. There are certain things that burn into one's soul, and I couldn't have blamed you had you struck my father in the face. It is terrible! Every time I think of the indignity he offered to us both my hands clench. I don't ask you to forgive him; I can't do that myself—and I don't know why I have written this letter after all—it can't do more than express my sympathy. If there were anything I could do or say to make amends for my father's brutality Heaven knows I'd say or do it. What makes it all the worse for me is that my father has been the most indulgent parent hitherto. I have been actually the mistress of the house—I have never before faced this grim side of him, though I have seen it.

Curtis paused to consider this. "It would seem, then, that I am the cause of her father's first estrangement. If I were the accepted lover the situation would be complete. I can now see why Lawson does his work in opposition so quietly. Query: Would Brisbane treat Lawson as he has treated me should he find him also opposed to his interests?"

He resumed the letter:

> He has set his heart on being reëlected to the Senate. I have heard him say: "Six years more of public life and I would be willing to retire." He fears your influence in this Indian affair and that made him touchy—and then I fear he is beginning to break. I am not saying these things to excuse him for his treatment of you—nothing can really do that—but I suppose it ought to be weighed in his favor. Anyhow, forget us all as soon as you can, and please consider I would have saved you if I had been able to do so.
>
> I have thought a good deal of what you said about my painting. I am firm in my stand that the artist has nothing to do with "moral" purpose—art should not be immoral either, but just unmoral. You spoke of Millet, but I don't suppose he had any moral purpose beyond setting forth the dramatic opposition of the peasants bowed over their spades or rakes or whatever they were—and the splendid sky. I'd like to paint your tatterdemalion "Injuns" for the same reason—I don't care whether they live or die—I mean as an artist. They are "swell material"—that's all. Kindly remember me to your sister.
>
> Cordially yours, ELSIE BRISBANE.

The general effect of this letter was heartening to the lonely man, for he imagined he could read between the lines an even greater sympathy for his hurt than the writer had expressed. In reply he said:

> Your letter did me good in several ways, but most of all in convincing me that you are much more in earnest about life than you try to make your friends believe at times. I will not deny that your father treated me as no other man ever did before, but I will not think of it again—I will forget it for my own sake as well as for yours. Whatever the real causes of it were—it is past, and shall remain so. I appreciate most deeply your desire to shield me from gossip. There was a look in the face of old John which comforted me—I think he sided with me in the matter. But there, I have promised not to refer to it again.
>
> Under all the circumstances I cannot ask you to write again, but if you should do so it would be a great pleasure to me. I should like particularly to know how your exhibition comes off. I feel sure it will be successful. Everything is quiet here now, but both sides are awaiting the action of Congress. I dread to see these people moved again and I don't know where they could go without suffering. The Christmas tree was a success—I made a very successful Santa Claus, so they say, and the first one they ever heard of who could sign-talk. It pleased the old people almost as much as it amused the children. Remember me to your aunt.

Elsie found this letter vaguely disappointing. She would have liked it better had it been a little less reserved. Though she knew he was only an Indian Agent and that he could never be other than a hopeless suitor, still—she had a woman's interest in a handsome, unattached man. She began to see his life in a more romantic light. That the people he served were not worthy of his sacrifices began to add an element of almost tragic interest—he was too fine, too strong, to be penned up in a barren Reservation with a mob of ragged and querulous red men. And she permitted herself to wonder if she might not be able to persuade him to renounce his purpose.

Elsie had awaited this reply from Curtis with more interest and impatience than any expected letter from Lawson had ever provoked, and the little pang at her heart as she caught sight of the envelope had told her that something unforeseen was taking place in her brain.

On the day following her father's ejectment of Curtis she met Lawson with a certain reserve not common to her. In her first burst of anger she acknowledged that the time had come to leave her father's house for Lawson's roof—and yet her heart doubted, and she said nothing to him of the disgraceful scene, keeping silence as much on her own account as in behalf of Curtis. But her restlessness was apparent to Lawson and puzzled him. Two or three times of late he had hinted at their marriage, but she had put him off with a word about her spring exhibitions. Now she listened to him with a new interest—not because she was about to accept him definitely, but for the reason that she feared she must refuse.

TWELFTH CHAPTER

SPRING came early in that latitude and Curtis was profoundly thankful that his first winter had proven unusually short and mild, for it enabled him to provide for his patient subjects far better than his fears. The rations were insufficient at best, and for several days of each alternate week the grown people went hungry in order that the children might eat, but no one actually died from lack of food. Beyond the wood contract and the hauling of hides each week there was very little work to be done—not enough to buy the tobacco the old men longed for.

They believed in their Little Father, however, for he visited each cluster of huts and became acquainted with nearly

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14.

every family during the winter. No Agent had ever taken the like pains to shake the gammers by the hand or to speak kindly to the granthers who sat beside the fire, feeble and bent with rheumatism. The children all ran to him, as if he were a friend, when he came near, and that was a good sign, too. The chiefs complained, of course—there was so little else for them to do—but they did not blame Curtis; they were assured of his willingness to use every means within his power to mitigate their sufferings. Jennie they trusted, for she was often at the beds of those who suffered, and she won wide acceptance of her lotions by an amused tolerance of the medicine men, whose mystic paraphernalia interested her exceedingly. They came at last to sing their curious songs and perform their feats of healing in her presence. "Together we will work good," they said, and the health of the tribe continued, on the whole, to be vigorous, in spite of unsanitary housing.

The bill for buying out the settlers was "hung up" in the committee-room together with that opposition bill which called for the removal of the Tetongs to another Reservation.

Seed-time came without definite promise of change, and the settlers went sullenly to their planting and the cattlemen drove their cattle across the boundaries of the Reservation as they had been doing for years. "We are in for another season of it," they said with the air of being martyrs in the cause of civilization.

Curtis immediately sent warnings to all the outside ranchers to keep clear of the Reservation, and also notified Streeter, Johnson and others of the settlers on the Elk and the Willow that their cattle must not be allowed to stray beyond certain lines which he indicated. These orders, according to Calvin, made the settlers "red-headed as woodpeckers. They think you're drawin' the lines down pretty fine."

"I mean to," replied Curtis. "You original settlers are here by right and shall have full opportunity to graze your stock, but those on the outside must keep there. I will seize and impound all stock that does not belong on this land."

In the end he had his way, and though the settlers and ranchers hated him they also respected him. No one thought of attempting to bribe or scare him. Political "pull" had no terrors for him.

The red people expanded and took on new life under the coming of the summer. They were profoundly glad of the sun. As the warm winds began to blow the huts were deserted for the sweeter and wholesomer life of the teepee, which is always ventilated, and which has also a thousand memories of battle and of the chase associated with its ribbed walls, its yellow peak and its smouldering fires. The sick grew well and the weak became strong as they passed once more from the foul air of their hovels to the inspiriting breath of the mountains, uncontaminated by any smoke of the white man's stove. The medicine men, taking great credit to themselves, said: "See! Our incantations again prevailed. The sun is coming back and the green grass is springing."

"Aye, but you cannot bring back the buffalo," said those who doubted, for there are skeptics here as elsewhere. "When you do that then we will believe that you are really men of magic."

THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

ONE June day Curtis came into the house with shining face. "Sis, our artists are coming back," he called to Jennie.

"Are they? Oh, isn't that glorious!" she answered, running to meet him. "When are they to reach here? Whom did you hear from?"

"Lawson. They can't come till some time in July, however."

Jennie's face fell. "In July! I thought you meant they were coming now, right away—this week."

"Lawson furthermore writes that he expects to bring a sculptor and his wife—Mr. Parker—you remember the photographs he showed us of some statues of Indians? Well, this is the man who made the figures. His wife is coming as chaperon for Miss Brisbane."

"Well, I confess I'm hungry for a messenger from the outside world, George, and during the school vacation we can get away once in a while to enjoy ourselves. You look fagged."

The news of the coming of the artistic colony put new life into Curtis and brightened his entire summer outlook. He took advantage of Lawson's letter to write again to Elsie, and though he considered it a very polite and entirely circumspect performance his fervor of gladness burned through every line, and the girl as she read it fell to musing on the singularity of the situation. The romance and the poetry of the work he was doing began at last to appeal to her—and the knowledge that she in a sense shared the possibilities with him pleased her.

"How well he writes," she thought, returning to his letter, so direct and terse, so forthright and so manly. His sentences clutched her like strong hands and she could not escape them, and as she read on she saw once more the splendid lines of his head in profile—and then, a sentence later, he seemed to be looking straight into her eyes, grave of countenance, involved in some moral question whose solution he considered essential to his happiness and the welfare of his people. Surely he was a most uncommon soldier, not one given to the dance and cards and gossip.

At her mental elbow—never quite drawn into consciousness at this time—stood Lawson, equally fine and sincere, but lacking the penetrating force of the other. He seemed indeed rather colorless to her as she reread Curtis' letter, though she dared not admit this to herself. She was now wearing his ring, but only with a distinct understanding that it did not bind her, for at the moment of consenting she had felt a sudden icy chill of fear, and she had said:

"The time has not come to be solemn about our engagement, Osborne."

"I won't hurry you," he had replied, "but I must ask you to observe that I have two gray hairs over my ear."

When she had finished the last page of the soldier's letter she was more sincerely moved to reply than to any other letter hitherto. She had nothing formulated, but somehow she visualized him at his desk awaiting an answer. "The worst of it is we have no topic in common except his distressing Indians!" Even art to him meant painting the red man sympathetically. With these conclusions she laid aside her pen and went to her work. Why bother her head about him?

Jennie flew to her and was greeted by a kiss unexpectedly cordial

But he could not be banished. He was narrow and one-sided, but he was sincere and manly—and handsome. That was the very worst of it—he was too attractive to be forgotten. In this spirit she replied—though she did not allow it to edge its way into the letter. She spoke of the success of her spring exhibition and said:

> It has confirmed me in the desire to go on and do more work in the same line. That is the reason I am coming back to the Tetongs. I feel that I begin to know them—artistically, I mean; not as you know them—and I need your blazing sunlight to drink up the fogs which I brought from Holland and Belgium. The prismatic flare of color out there pleases me. It's just white, split into its primary colors—but I can get it! I'm going to do more of those canvases of the moving figure blent with the landscape—they make a stunning technical problem in vibration as well as in values, and then the public likes them, too. I sold the one you thought so well of and five portraits. I'm vastly encouraged. I am going to exhibit in New York next fall if all goes well among the Tetongs.

Curtis was again appalled at the desert space between his conception of life and hers. To make a hit—to outdo her fellows in catching a certain subtle blending of color—these were her dominant motives, it appeared. How arid and artificial such a life would seem in the end. "It can't be all of the girl," he thought. "She has never discovered herself. Sorrow—a keen disappointment—will yet come and disclose the deep-natured woman hidden now by the girl's careless enjoyment of the color and variety of her luxurious life."

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

JENNIE thought her brother the handsomest man in the State as they walked up and down the Station platform waiting for the express that was to bring Elsie and Lawson and a famous Parisian-American sculptor and his wife. Curtis was in undress uniform, and in the midst of the slouching crowd of loafers he certainly seemed a man of velvet-green parade-grounds, whitewashed palings and lines of polished bayonets. Beyond this, he had the step of a boy and the clear eyes of a man of most abstemious habits.

The whistle of the far-off train produced an answering cry of "There it comes!" from Jennie, and they moved up the walk to meet it.

The long train came to a stop with singing rods, grinding brakes and whiz of escaping steam, and Lawson, descending first, helped Elsie to the platform with an accepted lover's firm touch. She was dressed in a blue cloth suit which fitted marvelously, and her color was more exquisite than ever.

"Oh, there they are!" she cried as her eyes fell upon them. Jennie flew to her and was greeted by a kiss unexpectedly cordial, and then Curtis, with hands extended, greeted both Lawson and Elsie together. A little flurry of handshakings followed during which Mr. and Mrs. Parker were introduced—he a tall man with a bush of yellow beard; she an exceedingly plain woman with a pleasant smile and dark, sad eyes.

"Do you know I'm glad to get back?" said Elsie to Curtis. "I don't know why I should be, but I've been looking for the Cleft Butte all day."

"We are very glad to have you here," replied Curtis. "And now we must get your belongings together and get started. We are to camp to-night at the Sandstone Spring."

"A real camp?"

"A real camp. We could drive through, of course, but it would be tiresome, and then I thought you'd enjoy the camp."

"Of course we shall. It's very thoughtful of you."

"Everything will be ready for us—I left Two Horns to look after it."

"Then it will be right," said Lawson, who was beaming. "Isn't it good to breathe this air again! It was stifling hot in the city!"

While they talked Crane's Voice was collecting the trunks, and in a few minutes, with Elsie by his side, Curtis drove his three-seated buckboard out upon the floor of the valley, leaving the squalid town behind. Elsie took off her hat and faced the sun with joyous greeting.

"Isn't this delicious! I've dreamed of this every night for a month. The weather has been fairly sweltering since May."

"Your studio is all ready for you," remarked Curtis.

"You are most kind—I am going to work as never before."

"You mustn't work too hard. I have a plan for an outing. One of my districts lies up in the headwaters of the Elk—I propose we all go camping up there for a couple of weeks."

"Do you hear that, Osborne?" she called, turning her head.

"I did not; what is it?"

Curtis repeated his suggestion and Mrs. Parker clapped her hands with joy. "Just what we all want to do!"

Curtis went on: "We'll find the red man living there under much more favorable conditions than down in the hot valley. We have a saw-mill up there and the ladies can stay in the superintendent's house——"

"Oh, no!" cried Elsie. "We must camp. Don't think of putting us under a roof." She turned to Curtis.

"May I drive?"

"Certainly—only you will spoil your gloves."

"I'll take them off. No more frills now."

Her hands were as beautiful as her face, strong and white and exquisitely modeled. He, looking upon her then with keen admiration, caught the gleam of a diamond on the engagement finger. This should not have shocked him, but it did. Then he thought: "She is now fairly bound to Lawson," and with this conviction a light went out in his brain—it was only a tiny spark of hope, but it had been burning.

As they rode they talked about the grasses and flowers, the mountain range far beyond, the camping trip, and a dozen other impersonal topics which did not satisfy Curtis, though he could not have told why.

"You must not spoil your beautiful hands," he finally said. "I can't endure the thought of seeing them blistered—please return the lines to me."

"Oh, no! Just another half-hour—till we reach that butte."

She had her way and drove nearly the entire afternoon. When he took the reins at last her fingers were cramped and swollen, but her face was deeply flushed with pleasure.

At the foot of a tall butte Curtis turned his team out upon a road leading to the left and soon came down upon a crescent-shaped natural meadow which a small stream inclosed like a sheltering arm. All about were signs of its use as a camping-ground.

Elsie cried out with delight. Already the sun, sinking behind the butte, threw over the meadow a mysterious gloom out of which a couple of tents gleamed like gray boulders.

"There is your house to-night," said Curtis. "See the tents?"

"How tiny they look!" Elsie exclaimed in a hushed voice as though fearing to alarm them and put them to flight.

"They are small, but as night falls you will be amazed to discover how snug and homelike they can become."

Two Horns came to meet them, a large, smiling, handsome man, whose manners were the perfection of good will blended with great personal dignity. He greeted Lawson with a deep and hearty "Hah! Nawson—my friend," and Lawson with equal dignity replied:

"I am well, my brother; how is it with you?"

Elsie gave him her hand and he took it without embarrassment or awkwardness, and his smile was very pleasant to see.

"I know you; you make pictures," he said.

While Crane's Voice attended to the teams, Jennie and Two Horns worked at getting supper.

As night began to fall and the fire to glow in the cool, sweet dark, they all sat around the flame and planned the trip into the mountains.

"How far away Washington seems," said Elsie dreamily. "I feel as if I had gone back to the beginning of things."

"It is the *end* of things for the Tetongs," replied Curtis. "We forget that sometimes, when we are anxious to have them change to our ways. Strip out a few rudenesses from the Tetongs' life and it is an almost perfect adaptation of organism to environment. Isn't that so, Lawson?"

"It certainly has its idyllic side," replied Lawson judicially.

One by one the campers began to yawn and Jennie and Mrs. Parker withdrew into the tent reserved for the women, but Lawson and Elsie and Curtis still remained about the fire. The girl's eyes were wide with excitement.

As they talked Lawson began to yawn also, and at last said: "Elsie Bee Bee, I am sleepy, and I know Curtis is."

"Not at all," cried Curtis, and it was true. "I'm just coming to myself. As the camp-fire smoulders the night is at its best. Besides, I'm in the midst of a story."

"Well, I didn't sleep very well last night," began Lawson apologetically.

"Go to bed, Sleepy Head," laughed Elsie. "We'll excuse you."

"If you don't mind, I shall," and off he went, leaving the two young people alone.

"Go on!" cried Elsie. "Tell me all about it."

Curtis glowed with new fire at this proof of her interest and went on with his story. A yelping cry on the hill back of them interrupted him. "There goes a coyote; now the night is perfect," he ended with a note of exultant poetry.

She drew a little nearer to him. "I don't enjoy him as well as you seem to," she said with a touch of delicious timidity in her voice. "That's the woman, too."

"This is the farthest reach of the imaginable—that you should sit here with me beside this fire in this lonely land. It must seem as much of a dream to you as your splendid home is to me."

"I didn't suppose these things could shake me so. How mysterious the world is when it is lone and empty. I never realized it before. That hill behind us, and the wolf, and the willows down there—they might be savages creeping upon us, or great birds resting, or any silent, threatening beast of the darkness."

"They are not mysterious to me in that way," he made answer. "But only in the sense that space and dusk are inexplicable. Besides, the charm and the wonder of the universe are in our own brains, like hate or love; not in the object to which we attribute the majesty. I used to try to understand the universe—now I am content to enjoy it."

"You make my head whirl," she said—"you and the night. I don't understand you, and I think I would better go to bed," she added with a return to her ordinary manner. "Good-night."

"Good-night, Miss Brisbane," he replied. In his voice was something which stirred her unaccountably.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Advanced Photography for Amateurs

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

Night Photography—With Examples by the Author

No. 4—Firelight and gaslight

IT SEEMS to me that night photography is one of the most fascinating amusements that can be imagined, providing you don't have to go out when it is very cold or windy. There are just as many varieties of photograph to be made by night as by day, with results equally interesting—in a somewhat different way, of course, but well worth gaining. The only drawback is the length of exposure required. The great fault with most of the work done at night appears to be in the general effort to make it look like a daylight photograph. I am quite aware that this is the easiest effect to accomplish, but that should have no weight with the amateur.

Referring to indoor work, one hears so often the expression, "You couldn't tell it from a daylight picture." Now this is all very well for certain professional purposes and quite right in its proper place, but if the flashlight or any other illuminant is to be made use of by the amateur, there is no reason why a field that is practically unexplored should not be adapted to its own special effects. Why try to make it look like daylight when so many of us find the most charming conditions of home life by gaslight? It is a particularly becoming light, too; and when one does succeed in making a photograph under these conditions it shows all this. The flesh tones are charming, and the color is so transparent that I almost like it better than by daylight.

Imitation night pictures are sometimes made out-of-doors: to get a street scene perhaps, or even, I believe, a pretended moon behind clouds. Now, truly, I think this is beneath an amateur. The amateur does things for love, for amusement; he has time to experiment, to make things over a dozen times, if necessary. To him, credit is due for the great advance photography has made in the past few years. He is the connoisseur of a new art. Why, then, make imitation things? It is not true sport. It seems to me like making believe to sail a yacht with a steam-engine down in the hold.

I have known one or two people who tried to make gaslight photographs and had very little success. This was caused, so far as I could judge, by using a camera and lens that were too much like toys, the small lens making the necessary exposure much longer than one of larger aperture would have required: and, too, the room was so crowded with furniture that the light had no chance to diffuse itself around the subject. This is really a very important point. A subject in a white dress is not a good one to try at first, because one is liable to think the exposure sufficient even if the white dress develops like a patch on empty black space. The truest test is to use what I tried, a subject dressed all in black; then, if the results show a correct exposure for that, you are sure of getting whites in their proper values when you choose to try them. Welsbach lamps should always have opal shades, but I did not find reflectors necessary for any of the examples that are shown here.

To come down to practical things. The portrait (illustration No. 1) was made in eight seconds with an 8x10 rectilinear lens, the light above being less strong than the table lamp because it was farther away. No. 4 was made in two minutes, the subject being five feet away from the Welsbach table lamp: four other ordinary gas-jets were burning at the time. I tried some plates without the table lamp, and though they were interesting they were not strong enough for illustration purposes even with five minutes' exposure.

Any mention of photographs by flashlight makes me feel uncomfortable, but of course it is the only way out of some difficulties. The children in illustration No. 5, for instance, could be taken at night by no other means at present available; though there is another method that is better than the quick flash when a time exposure is possible. It is about midway between this and gaslight in its speed and results, and is that of magnesium ribbon, a thin metal material which ignites slowly and which, when once started, gives a clear white light until the length you have cut off the spool is consumed. I tried all three ways on the same sort of picture, and the one shown (illustration No. 4), made by gaslight, was the most satisfactory. In each of the other two the fire looked perfectly dead; this one was coal, however. I suppose that gas-logs would be less difficult because of the blue flames.

From what I can learn of other people's methods, as they are published in the various photographic handbooks, I believe that far too much paraphernalia is advised, and also, judging by my own experience, that the light, as generally suggested, is placed too close to the subject. No doubt this is responsible for many of the dreadful affairs that we see labeled flashlight "pictures." It certainly is a very soulless process—it has such a disappointing way of lighting up the most unnecessary corners.

The arrangement that I evolved to suit my own needs was just the simplest possible. An eight-foot stepladder and the household dust-pan constituted the "outfit;" I had my usual camera and plates—not even nonhalation plates; in fact, I did not use these for any of the night work except out-of-

No. 5—A flashlight

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of six papers forming a practical advanced course for amateurs in photography.

doors where electric lamps would be likely to interfere. The flash powder was placed in the dust-pan and this in turn put on whichever step seemed suitable for the picture in view. In the case of the children, about five feet from the floor seemed right. The ladder was a little to the side of, and behind, the camera, so that it was convenient to set off the powder and make the flash quite ten feet away from the children. A sheet of white cardboard attached to the ladder helped to direct the light, but otherwise I found no reflectors necessary.

Photographs out of doors seem less difficult by night than by day. The dim lights so glorify a commonplace spot that one feels a constant joy at the unexpected poetry he discovers.

They are less difficult to make, technically, also, because conditions vary far less than in daylight. Ten to fifteen minutes for moonlight and five minutes for electric light was quite sufficient for any I have done so far. This was for 8 x 10 plates with good lenses. There is so little guesswork about it that the essential things seem to be a cab horse that is warranted to go to sleep when you need him for a model and an obliging driver who will bring you back the stray thumb screws you may leave in his cab. Seriously, though, the reflection on the ground glass is so clear that you can arrange the focus as easily as at other times, so that all you have to do is to select a good hunting ground and go to work, with some reasonable regard for any arc lights that may be near enough to cast false lights into the lens.

Various idle boys will, of course, come around and make remarks, but somehow the darkness takes the unpleasant edge off all this, and one may do things at night, in town where you could not possibly consider setting up a camera during the day. It is during the long winter evenings at home, or especially just at tea time, when it first gets dark that the opportunity for experiment lies; somehow the mood to do those things seems to come quite strongly at that hour. Then after dinner the plates can be developed and there is time to have another try if the first attempts were not right; and so, before you realize it, the hours have gone only too quickly.

Painting a Royal Portrait

By William Armstrong

MR. JULIAN STORY, son of the sculptor, W. W. Story, was the first American to paint the portrait of King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. As additional distinction he has recently had conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for which he was recommended by M. Waldeck Rousseau and also by M. Benjamin Constant. Mr. Story is also the artist selected to paint the portrait of the only son of Lord Roberts, who met his death in battle on the Tugela. This portrait will be presented to the veteran General, by subscription, by the most distinguished people of England. Mr. Story is now at work on this commission at his studio near Nottinghill Gate, London, painting the portrait in part from photographs and in part from description by members of the Roberts family; Lord Roberts himself sitting to Mr. Story for the eyes, his being in coloring, strongly like those of his son. It is said that the prospective receipt of this portrait, the idea of which has been furthered by Sir Frederick Milner, has given the commander more pleasure than all the swords and distinctions that have been bestowed upon him.

No. 2—A moonlit river

Mr. Story mentions King Edward VII as the most considerate of portrait sitters, and says of his association with him:

"The King, then Prince of Wales, asked me to paint his portrait. I had hoped when I came over to London to accomplish it. When I met him on my arrival he referred me for arrangement of the sittings to General Ellis, his equerry. After my conference with the General I despaired of ever painting the portrait. He had shown me a book in which the Prince's engagements were written. For days ahead every half hour was taken, blocked out from nine o'clock in the morning until almost any hour in the night. Not a half hour was left free. The prospect of getting any good sittings seemed rather discouraging. The next morning I received a letter from General Ellis naming two days ahead for the first sitting. The Prince had struck out conflicting engagements to arrange for it. He came alone in a brougham to my studio in Albert Road, smoking a big cigar. Nothing could have been more simple, more frank, or more gracious than his manner. Realizing the difficulty for him to spare time, I set about my work with the greatest energy. While he would walk about once in a while to rest his muscles I painted ahead on the background at some details, never putting down brushes and palette. My thumb went to sleep. I was pulling it to get the blood into circulation when he saw me. In reply to his question I said:

"'I haven't put my palette down, sir.'

"'Couldn't you do something to make it more comfortable?—have it cut out a bit?' he asked.

"The next morning he came in apologizing for being five minutes late. I had become quite accustomed to people, some ladies, for instance, being half an hour late and then considering themselves quite punctual.

"'I didn't sleep very well last night,' he said; 'and I thought of you. I was worrying about that palette of yours. Couldn't you have the thumb-hole in it padded?'

"In the midst of a busy London season he gave me eight sittings. I used to have the King's Order of the Garter, and his robes, lying about my studio. Rather a responsibility against relic hunters. In the great press of affairs, it being, in addition, about the time of the Princess Maud's marriage, many of the wedding arrangements were made with an equerry in my studio while I worked on the portrait.

"'Are you coming to the wedding?' he asked one day.

"I said 'No,' that I believed that it was impossible to get a place to view the procession.

"But I meant to invite you to the wedding," he returned. 'I will have an invitation sent you.'

"I went to Marlborough House on that occasion, and the next time he came for a sitting I thanked him.

"'Were you there?' he said. 'I did not see you; I wondered.'

"He must have seen many thousands of people that day as he passed to and fro in the procession, yet here was this evidence of thoughtfulness. And it is this thoughtfulness that constitutes one of his chief charms. I know of no one who is more royal, and at the same time more kindly. When one once knows the man one realizes why he is so loved."

A replica of Mr. Story's portrait of King Edward VII hangs at Sandringham, and the original is at Mr. William Waldorf Astor's place, Cliveden.

Mr. Story's career as a painter has been attended by specially good fortune. He took his degree at Oxford in 1879, and two years later exhibited his first important picture, The Entombment of Christ. It was shown first at the Grosvenor galleries in London and afterward exhibited at the Paris Salon. Subsequently it was bought by Mr. Garrett, of Baltimore, for $2500, and presented by him to the Peabody Institute in that city, where it now hangs.

Like the generality of young artists, Mr. Story began by painting very large canvases, a fancy which he soon got bravely over. By degrees, and through numerous requests from friends, he painted an increasing number of portraits, but more as "pot boilers," to use the artists' term, which he himself applied to it. After a time, however, portrait painting absorbed his interest more and more, until, within the last few years, he has devoted himself to it completely as his favorite branch of art, and has won high honors.

No. 1—A portrait by gaslight

He exhibited two pictures in the American section of the Paris Exposition, one of them a portrait of his wife, Madame Emma Eames Story, which attracted much attention. One of the first important portraits that Mr. Story painted was of Cardinal Howard, on a commission from his brother, the Duke of Norfolk.

The Cardinal was six feet two and carried himself like a guardsman. He sat for his portrait in his churchly robes, of which the broad cape with its buttons was shown. On account of the unbroken expanse of the cape Mr. Story asked permission to put in a cross and chain to relieve the monotony.

"Then you will be making me a Cardinal Vicar," answered the prelate, smiling, "but I dare say it will do no harm." So the cross and chain were painted.

"Before the portrait reached England," said Mr. Story, "he was elevated to the office, so I did make him Cardinal-Vicar after all, didn't I?"

No. 3—Washington Square

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company

¶As might have been expected, the Pan-American Congress accomplished everything except the purposes of the meeting.

¶One of the really delicious moments of life is when two people minding other people's business run into each other's affairs.

¶A very interesting development in politics is the search of English Liberalism for a leader. Japhet in search of his father was comfort itself compared with the troubled mind of this great party.

¶When Boer sympathizers make public speeches in England they seldom fail to start riots, in which the killed and injured form a rather large list. Possibly this is a new way of carrying on the war.

¶In Chicago the latest freak organization is the Four Hour Sleep Club. The proposition is that people sleep too long, but its weakness is that members are not promised four hours' sleep. Possibly they may get it by leaving Chicago.

The Record of a Notable Year

DURING the year just closed the two greatest nations of the world changed rulers. Queen Victoria died at 6:30 P. M., January 22, and the Prince of Wales became king, with the title of Edward VII. On the sixth of September Leon Czolgosz twice shot President William McKinley, and the victim lingered until 2:15 o'clock, Saturday morning, September 14. The afternoon of the same day Vice President Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office. The Ameer of Afghanistan died on October 3, and five other deaths notable in the politics of the world were those of Ex-President Benjamin Harrison on March 13; Hoshi Toru, Japanese statesman, assassinated June 21; Prince von Hohenlohe, who died on July 6; Signor Crispi on August 11, and Li Hung Chang on November 6.

The war in South Africa dragged along at an expense to the British of millions a week. So far the cost is about a billion dollars, and the English losses in men have been about 25,000. In the Philippines Aguinaldo was captured by the brilliant Funston, and the effort was made to inaugurate civil government in the islands, but the pacification is by no means complete, and the year ended with fears of a general uprising and with a message from General Chaffee that he would need all his 60,000 soldiers for twelve months or more to come. Matters improved in Cuba, and a President will be elected on the twenty-fourth of February next. The Powers withdrew from China and the Court began its return to Peking.

In our national affairs important progress was made. The reapportionment based on the census of 1900 increased the membership of the House of Representatives to 386. The army canteen was abolished. The centennial anniversary of the elevation of John Marshall to the head of the Supreme Court was celebrated. The count of the electoral votes gave McKinley and Roosevelt 292 each, Bryan and Stevenson 155 each. The most important decision of the Supreme Court concerned our relations with our new possessions. By narrow majorities it was held that the Constitution follows the flag, subject to the action and regulation of Congress. This led to special legislation for Porto Rico and for the Philippines. President Roosevelt urged reciprocity with Cuba. The various reciprocity treaties which have been hanging fire for more than a year are still unacted upon. The Pan-American Congress in the City of Mexico was a social success and a political failure. The great international fact of the year was the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, by which Great Britain allowed to this country the right to go ahead and build the Isthmian canal. The treaty was ratified by an overwhelming vote.

For almost three months the people followed the proceedings of the Schley Court of Inquiry, of which Admiral Dewey was President. Admirals Benham and Ramsay, a majority, found against Schley on eleven out of the thirteen points specified in the precept. Admiral Dewey gave him the full credit for the victory at Santiago. In England, General Buller was driven from an important command by indiscretion of speech, but he was greeted with great popular enthusiasm. Queen Wilhelmina's unhappy marriage filled much space in the newspapers. In Prussia, Polish parents were imprisoned because they would not make their children learn their prayers in the German language. Brigands captured Miss Stone and held her in captivity for a large ransom. France made Turkey pay up her old debts by the influence of a naval demonstration. The usual insurrections took place in Central and South America. Tammany was beaten in Greater New York.

Marconi was the scientific hero of the year. He succeeded in making wireless telegraphy commercially practicable. It was a year of enormous consolidations of industrial enterprises and railroads. The Northern Pacific speculation was the sensation of Wall Street. The great strike of the steel workers failed. Mr. Carnegie surpassed all records in giving away money, including $5,200,000 to New York City and $10,000,000 to an American University, not to mention the many millions more that went to both Great Britain and the United States. But the biggest single gift not only of the year but of all other years was Mrs. Stanford's present of about $30,000,000 to the Stanford University. Santos-Dumont won 100,000 francs for a balloon that could be steered. Sir Thomas Lipton did not lift the cup. Buffalo lost several millions on its Exposition. Charleston opened one December 1 and St. Louis was busy on another which will be opened next year. In spite of persistent rumors Captain Richard P. Hobson did not get married. Senator Chauncey M. Depew did. Last but not least, Booker T. Washington dined with the President.

It was a year of many deaths among notable persons. This list of the dead included, besides those mentioned in the opening paragraph, Ignatius Donnelly, Bishop Ninde, Philip D. Armour, Bishop Creighton, Elisha Gray, Baron Rothschild, Giuseppe Verdi, Count Gourko (the hero of the passage of the Balkans), Addison Cammack, Commander Shaw of the G. A. R.; Maurice Thompson, William M. Evarts, Charlotte M. Yonge, D'Oyly Carte, Brother Jasper, Professor H. A. Rowland, General Fitz-John Porter, James A. Herne, Bishop Nicholson, Edward Moran, Sir Walter Besant, Robert Buchanan, Joseph Cook, R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), Mrs. Kruger, Dowager Empress Frederick, General Ludlow, Frederick Fraley, Judge Jeremiah Wilson, Lorenzo Snow, the head of the Mormon Church, and Admiral Bunce.

A luncheon of iced milk and machine pie never made an optimist.

The American Sunday

IN THE present session of the New York Legislature the legalization of the sale of liquor on Sunday comes up as an echo of the fight against Tammany last fall. Tammany made the sale of liquor on Sunday in the face of the law a means of extortion and blackmail. Ardent reformers like Justice Jerome hold that as a considerable sentiment of the community demands alcohol on Sunday it would be better to let the people have it legally than to force them to obtain it illegally. A few men who would really prefer to have the saloons closed tight all day Sunday favor the opening of them from one o'clock in the afternoon to eleven o'clock at night in order that the drinking classes may be accommodated.

But there is fortunately small likelihood that the necessary legislation will be secured in this generation. The effort has served to show the practically immovable opinion of the great majority that the American Sunday should not be destroyed by a mistaken idea of liberality. The members of the Legislature are overwhelmingly against a change. The newspapers with few exceptions oppose it. The churches are united in their condemnation of it, although a few advanced clergymen have given it their sanction. As for the citizens generally, the significant development is the bold expression of belief, even among those who are not members of churches, that the American Sunday is so useful in the economic arrangement of the modern life that any disturbance of its security would be calamitous.

In another respect the agitation has brought some very impressive information to the front. The Sunday saloon in Great Britain has been cited, but it seems on investigation that the tendency in England is toward closer restrictions, and that when a vote was taken of large numbers of intelligent workingmen recently more than four-fifths of them declared that they were in favor of closing the public houses all day Sunday.

We find many references to the Continental Sunday, with its open beer gardens and the peaceable crowds which gather in them. But in seeking the reasons for American conquests in the industry and trade of the world these Continental nations have found that the American Sunday has contributed mightily to the victorious excellence of the American workingman. Further, Emperor William in a recent instance discovered that the drinking of beer during working hours and the indulgence on Sundays directly diminishes the product of the German laborer. Still another fact comes to us through the testimony of German citizens in the United States. Eminent representatives of this class assert that not only is the Continental Sunday an impossibility in America, but that whenever it has been tried it has led to demoralization.

All these instances add to the importance of keeping the American Sunday different from the other days of the week. Its value is too great, its favor is too firmly established in the habits and thoughts and desires of the people, for it to be weakened by experiments. No man can honestly complain of any lack of liberty in the larger interpretation of the laws which surround it. It is one of the very best of our institutions and the nation will suffer if it be changed.

Advice is a good thing, but it will always be something of a nuisance until the givers of it accept responsibility for the bad as readily as they take credit for the good.

Four Centuries of Canal Schemes

SO WE are to have an Isthmian Canal at last. It will seem odd to have a session of Congress without debates on that subject. The scheme is three times as old as the nation that is to carry it out.

The report of the Isthmian Canal Commission is prefaced by an interesting review of the history of this project. The early explorers, as is well known, thought that they were going to be able to sail from Europe westward, straight to India. When they found a continent in the way, they thought for a long time that there must surely be some natural passage through it. But within seven years after the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa, the idea of connecting the two oceans by a ship canal had begun to take shape.

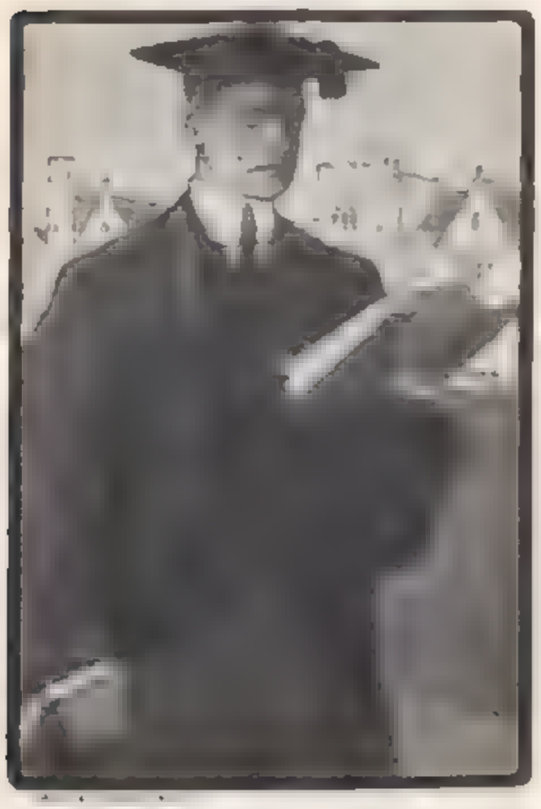
In 1520, just one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Charles V ordered surveys for such a canal to be made at Panama. The project was revived by another royal decree in 1534. The Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama and Darien routes were all urged just as they have been nearly four hundred years later. In 1780, during the American Revolution, Nelson was engaged in naval operations against the Spanish territories at Nicaragua, and he anticipated almost the very words of the advocates of the Nicaragua Canal at the present day. He wrote in one of his reports:

> In order to give facility to the great object of government I intend to possess the Lake of Nicaragua, which for the present may be looked upon as the inland Gibraltar of Spanish-America. As it commands the only water pass between the oceans, its situation must ever render it a principal post to insure passage to the Southern Ocean, and by our possession of it Spanish-America is divided in two.

In 1814 the Spanish Cortes voted to authorize the construction of a canal for vessels of the largest size, but circumstances compelled Spain to relinquish the enterprise.

As soon as the Spanish-Americans had secured their independence they promptly turned their attention to the canal question. In 1825 the young Republic of Central America notified the United States that an American company was ready to undertake the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and urged the conclusion of a treaty to promote the scheme. The interoceanic canal question was one of the chief subjects of discussion in the Panama Congress of 1826. At that time the Republic of Central America had entered into a contract with the sanguine American company, the forerunner of so many others. The company agreed to begin work within twelve months, if possible, but at any rate, within six months afterward. That was just three-quarters of a century ago, and the canal is still patiently waiting. But now that Uncle Sam has taken hold of the undertaking things will probably begin to move.

Should Railroad Men Be College Men?



By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, Cleveland

THE members of every calling are in peril of becoming unduly prejudiced in favor of their calling as a necessary means or method for the improvement of man. It is well, therefore, for them frequently and justly to test the worth of their calling by a direct appeal to life itself. From such professional idolatry college officers are not free. From such professional idolatry college officers should use every endeavor to keep themselves free. The American college should constantly demand of the American people an answer to the question whether it is doing the utmost for the betterment of American life

For the purpose of getting a more adequate understanding of the relation existing between the college and an important department of American life I have lately conferred with representative officers of many American railroads. Two questions I have submitted to the President or General Manager of one hundred leading railroads of the United States

'What are (*a*) the advantages, (*b*) the disadvantages, possessed by a college graduate in entering the railroad service, not possessed by a graduate of the high school or the grammar school?"

"On the whole, would you advise a boy of eighteen, of intellectual habits, of apparently efficient administrative abilities, who has graduated at a high school and who desires to enter any branch of the railroad service, to go to college? '

To these letters, in the majority of cases, answers have been received.

I suppose that in all the current discussion regarding the function of the college no one questions but that a college education does aid one in being or becoming a gentleman. I suppose, also, that usually it is granted that a college education does aid one in being or becoming an efficient member of society. The exceptions to these two principles are so infrequent that one may eliminate them from the discussion regarding the worth of the college. But the general advantages which are supposed to accrue through a college education do not touch, in the view of certain good and wise persons, the fundamental question of the advantages or disadvantages possessed by the college graduate entering business as a life career. Touching the question of the worth or the worthlessness of a college course as a preparation for business no more vital method of discussion can be arrived at than one which shall limit an appeal to the question of railroad service; for the railroad service is the largest field for the employment of labor, and also it unites several diverse kinds of labor, as financial, executive, legal and mechanical.

Four Disadvantages of College Training

It is not to be denied that there are disadvantages placed upon those who enter the railroad service after the completion of a college course. One of these disadvantages arises from the environment which the college is supposed to represent. The college represents to most men an atmosphere of leisure, of wealth, and frequently of the extravagant, unwise use of wealth. This disadvantage touches those entering any form of service as well as those entering that of the railroad The General Manager of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company says: "Unfortunately a majority of the young men who pass through college are financially able to live on a scale which they cannot hope to do in railroad service and are apt to contract expensive habits, and few of them are willing thereafter to begin railroad work at the very bottom, or, if they do, find the work too irksome and do not persevere therein. This, in my judgment, is the principal reason why so many prominent railway officials come from boys of moderate education and particularly from boys who begin the work while very young."

A still more obvious disadvantage springs from the time, later by four years, at which one is able to begin the railroad service. This disadvantage is direct, positive, and plain as the alphabet. "If he desires to enter railroad work, and is eighteen years of age, he won't have time to go to college if he desires and expects to reach the top before he dies. Consider that it takes an average of over thirty years' actual service to make a railroad president, which, of course, is considered the top of the ladder, so no time is to be wasted if the top is to be attained." Thus writes the General Manager of the Boston and Albany Railroad

The President of the Ann Arbor Railroad says: "The college graduate is at a disadvantage compared with the graduate of the high school and the grammar school for this reason: that he has usually spent from three to five years of his life at college, and consequently is that much older and has less opportunity for improving himself in the branches that would fit him for railroading or any other commercial business." The President and General Manager of the Monon Route says: "Should the high school graduate, however, enter the service directly after graduation he would have at least four years' advantage in practical experience at the time the college graduate would enter the service, and in my judgment the college graduate would not be equal to the high school graduate until he had at least five years' practical experience."

A third disadvantage, which should not be passed over, lies in that condition of human nature which is inclined to depreciate advantages richer than those enjoyed by one's self, and to be willing to lessen the apparent worth of men who have had larger opportunities than one's self Prejudice does exist still among many railroad people against the college graduate Prejudice is becoming less, but it is not yet wholly eliminated.

A fourth disadvantage should not be omitted This disadvantage lies in the arrogance and cockyism of certain college men One, of course, emphasizes the word certain, for cockyism or arrogance is not the prevailing characteristic of college men, any more than it is the prevailing characteristic of humanity itself, but some college men are cocky. The General Manager of the Grand Trunk says: "A college education, I believe, leads a young man, on entering railroad service, to think that he 'knows it all;' of course, theoretically, he may, but any one who has such an idea rarely succeeds '

College men are usually willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and climb up step by step, if this method of progress represents their duty. I know of a graduate of Harvard College who wished to learn the business of making steel He was directed to shovel coal beneath boilers. At the time he received his first month's pay he was asked how he liked his job. "I have nothing to complain of," he remarked, "but I wish to ask: Why is it necessary for me to keep shoveling coal in order to learn to make steel?"

"For you to learn the business of making steel you must learn how coal behaves when it is on fire; you can in no way learn how coal behaves when on fire so well as by shoveling coal into the furnace."

Men Who Make Themselves Felt Anywhere

These four disadvantages which I name—soft environment, time, prejudice of officers or workmen, and arrogance in one's self—are disadvantages touching more or less strongly the college graduate who enters the railroad service. The summing up of the advantages and disadvantages is very well made by Mr. Cutts, General Passenger Agent of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad. Mr. Cutts says: "At the present time civil-service rules are so generally observed, except perhaps in the professional branches of railroad service, such as the legal, medical and engineering departments, that it is usually quite difficult for a young man to get an opening except in the lowest grades; consequently the boy who begins with a high school education at, say, seventeen will, by the time he is twenty-three, be much further advanced than the young man of twenty three who entered on leaving college at twenty-one; and if we allow that they are of equal mental and business capacity the boy who started at seventeen will always remain in advance. Hence it seems fair to conclude that the four years between seventeen and twenty-one will prove to have been more profitably spent in gaining experience in the rudiments of the business than at college The men who have made the greatest successes in the railroad field have generally been men without much schooling, but with great capacity for the absorption of knowledge, tireless workers, men who would make themselves felt anywhere, not born into the railroad business, but, getting there by chance, men who have improved every opportunity and overcome every obstacle, rising by sheer force of ability to a point where they attract the notice of the management and then later of the capitalists, who are always in search of tried men in whom to repose confidence and responsibility After all, it is the man and not the years spent at school that tells, and perhaps in the class referred to the struggle of obtaining an education by reading and by observation while performing their daily work is just the kind of exercise best calculated to develop the remarkable characteristics which they bear."

The Atchison and Lehigh Valley Favor the Colleges

And yet more than a score of my correspondents directly affirm that a college education is of advantage, and usually of great advantage, to one who purposes to become a railroad man. Mr. Mudge, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, says: "On the whole, I would advise a boy of eighteen to take a college course before entering railroad work, provided he feels satisfied that he will still be willing to commence at the lowest round of the ladder and persevere in the work as thoroughly as he would have done had he commenced it four years earlier."

The President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad says: "Railroad work, as all other work of a similar character, has reached that point in its development where the man who has the best-trained mind, other things being equal, has the greatest chances for success. If a boy is so situated in life that he can continue his studies, after graduating at a high school, by taking a course through college, it will be decidedly to his advantage in the end. What seems to be needed at this time in young men who decide to follow railroad work as their career, is not so much any special knowledge as a thoroughly well-trained mind."

An officer of the Southern Railway Company says: "I am a staunch believer in education in its broadest sense, and I would infinitely rather have any young man in whom I am interested possessed of a college education and thrown upon his own resources at that time, than to have him start on his life's work earlier and with a small capital at his command, which, being controlled by one without experience, might be easily lost and not available when there has been acquired the experience to control it properly. One of the strongest arguments, I think, in favor of a college education for a young man is the fact that most, if not all, successful business or professional men who have themselves been deprived of the advantages of a college education insist upon their own sons enjoying those advantages."

The President of the Michigan Central Railroad says: "The transportation business of this country is becoming more and more every year an exact science, and the advantages of a college education in disciplining and developing the mind cannot be overestimated. I believe that in the future, as a rule, the managers of the different railroads in this country will prefer to employ young men who have obtained a thorough collegiate education, rather than those who have not gone beyond the limit of a grammar or a high school. My advice to a young man who desires to enter the railroad service would be, after he had finished his course at a high school, to take a course of three or four years at some scientific college, and while this would seem to put off the day when he would enter the railroad service, I am satisfied that in the end, all other things being equal, he will rise to a higher plane than if he had not obtained such an education '

The Views of Some High Officials

Lucius Tuttle, President of the Boston and Maine Railroad, says: "The years of mental training that the college graduate has secured will enable him to accomplish more in a shorter time than is possible for the young man who has not had these advantages; and, everything else being equal, I think that the college graduate in the end will be more successful in any class of business than the young man who enters service after a common or high school education."

Mr. Axtell, Vice-President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, says: "The chief officers of a railway company need the training and the perfect command of the action of the mind which a collegiate course is supposed to, and I believe does, afford. They must be able to deal with and contend with the best-trained intellects in the country, and to do this it is proper that they should have all the advantages of a complete education. I therefore think that any boy aspiring to a chief position in a railroad should go to college if he can, it will help him. Many cannot go who still by strenuous effort reach high places, but in such instances they have a full realization of the difficulties they have contended with."

The President of the Wabash Railroad says: "To *enter* any of the other departments, a college education is not necessary, but if the young man has the right sort of material in him he will be advanced, and as he reaches the higher positions he will find that his college training, if he has had the advantage of it, will be of great benefit to him. On the whole, I am decidedly of the opinion that a man with a college education has the advantage of one without, not only in the railroad service but in any walk of life, and socially as well, and I would say to any young man that if he has an opportunity to secure a college education he should take

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advantage of it, no matter whether he expects to become a railroader, to enter one of the professions, or to adopt a mercantile career."

These statements which I quote at length, and other statements also which, if space allowed, I should be glad to print, contain certain common lines of truth either expressed or implied. One of these elements refers to the character and power of the boy himself. One might say all depends upon the kind of boy who goes to college; all depends upon the kind of boy who enters the railroad service.

The General Superintendent of the Fort Worth and Denver City Railway Company says: "Primarily it can be stated that whether or not a college education would be of any assistance to a young man would depend largely upon himself. In railroad business in almost any department there is undoubtedly room for young men of good education, but with it they must have a desire for the class of work they have selected, or rather the work that is found in the department to which they have gone, and a willingness to start at the bottom of the ladder and perform what might appear to them to be unimportant duties with the same degree of care as would be exercised in the higher branches. Railroad business requires assiduous application on the part of the employee, and success will depend largely on how well he may do his work, his ability for organization and administrative capacity, and for mastering the details of the work assigned. In the mechanical and engineering departments a great many technical questions come up that could be quickly solved by a young man with a college education if he had applied himself in that direction. A college education, perhaps, is not essential to one's success in the railroad business; but any man possessing the same, with opportunities to succeed in railroad business, would, I consider, be doubly equipped."

Mr. Marvin Hughitt, the President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, says: "Whether it be to the disadvantage of a young man to devote the time necessary in obtaining a collegiate education, in preference to going at once into railroad or other work, depends to a very great degree, if not wholly, upon the 'make-up' of the young man. And in the consideration of the advisability of the one course or the other this question of the kind of 'timber' a young man may be becomes a most important factor, in my judgment, in reaching a conclusion, considered both with regard to his school life and to his discharge of the duties pertaining to whatever line of work he may undertake; for one young man's mental equipment may be such, as compared with his fellow-worker, that when he has finished grammar or high school he will have reached a point in mental discipline and training that many of his coworkers can only hope to reach at the end of a thorough college course."

Every Boy an Individual Case

One boy is better fitted to take up life and work on his graduation at the high school than is another boy on his graduation at college. Much depends not only on educational power, but the *morale* of the boy himself. His regard for the cardinal virtues has as great value as his respect for the cardinal verities. Moral honesty is as important as intellectual honesty. The love and practice of justice is more elemental than a sound intellectual interpretation of the origin and nature of justice. One boy who never goes to college may, by reason of his intellectual and ethical power, reach a far higher place than one who does go. Nature did for the one who finished his education with the high school more than both nature and the college did for the other. But of course the proper method is not to compare man with man, but to compare man with himself. The question is not whether a college education will make one man more efficient than another man, but whether it will make any man more efficient than he would have been without it.

In these remarks, too, is found a certain general inference to the effect that the value of education lies in the securing of a trained mind. It is also to be said that a trained mind is a mind trained to think. The railroad presidents, managers and superintendents who are most valuable are the men who can think. One of the railroad managers of the Northwest had a somewhat unique experience.

The railroad of which he was superintendent was sold. The purchaser visited him in his office. He found him before a desk covered with papers writing or signing letters. The purchaser remarked:

"Mr. W——, you and I will not get on together.

"Why, sir?"

"Because you are so busy with your correspondence that you have no time to give to me. I don't want a man writing letters or signing them about ordinary business. For labor of that sort I can get a man for a thousand dollars. I want you to be free from this business and spend your time thinking about improvement in the efficiency of this railroad."

The superintendent took the hint. The next time the owner of the road came to see him he was in his office, his desk clear of papers, apparently doing nothing, but really doing much and most. The power which the great railroad man of this country possesses is the power to think, and it is that power which the railroad system of this country opens every opportunity for using. Be it said that this is the power which the American college is ordained to develop.

A Technical or "Liberal" Education?

An important question emerges at this point. Should the education which the railroad man is to receive be a general college education or a technical one? This question is part of a still broader question whether a man should enter into the period of preparation for his profession immediately upon the close of his high school or academy course? The lawyer, the minister, the doctor pursues his professional study after his college course. The engineer, in all the various lines of engineering, usually makes his undergraduate course and his professional course identical. The technical school is supposed to take the place of both the liberal and the professional course. In general, if a man can afford the time, I am sure it is well for him to take up his technical course after his liberal education. But the expense in both time and money is great. Without entering into a discussion of the question, I am confident that it is best for a man proposing to enter the railroad service to enter the regular college; but while pursuing his course in the regular college to give to this course a scientific or technical relation. Let him, for instance, make special study of physics, chemistry, geology, economics and sociology. Such studies pursued in a college of liberal arts and sciences will prove to be at once liberalizing and also sufficiently professional.

The history of the administration of railroads of the United States is the history of a development. In the beginning the management of railroads was committed to their owners. This form of administration gave way presently to an administration carried on by those who had been trained in actual service. At the time of this form of administration legislators aroused themselves to the problems touching the public weal and wealth which the railroad had created. Strikes also came in and destroyed valuable railroad property. For meeting such conditions practical men had little or no knowledge. There arose a demand for men who could and can take a large view of the problems presented by the railroad service, and who can do much, through their power, for the solving of these problems. At this period in the development the college man was called into the service.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the problems created by the American railroad are increasing in number and difficulty. The need, therefore, of the properly and nobly trained mind in the solving of these problems is to become yet more and more urgent. Mr. Frank Trumbull, President of the Colorado Road, says: "In my opinion the time is near at hand when the untrained boy, with moderate capital, will have a smaller relative chance for success, and the scientifically trained young man will be more in demand than ever before in the world's history: this because of the natural growth of combinations of capital and labor, and the impossibility of manufacturing or monopolizing brains."

This paper has already become too lengthy. But I wish still to take space in order to say that success in the administration of the railroads, as in administration of any business, belongs, first, to the man of sound physical health; second, to the man of noble moral character; third, to the man who is a gentleman; fourth, to the man who, having a general education, is able to weigh evidence, to observe, to compare, to infer, to think; fifth, to the man of special education, who is able to apply his general power of thinking to the solution of problems immediately presented in and by his vocation; and, sixth, to the man who, having all these powers and finding himself face to face with opportunities, is willing through hard, diligent, noble work to apply his abilities in doing the duty which the opportunities lay upon him.

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The Railroad and the Deadhead

By George H. Heafford

Lately General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad

MUCH comment and some adverse criticism have been created by the action of Eastern trunk lines in abolishing free passes on railway trains.

It is not necessary to delve into ancient history to ascertain how or why the practice of issuing free transportation to Tom, Dick and Harry has become a tax upon railway revenues, but certain it is that, if the incubus can be wholly or even partially removed, the cash receipts from passenger transportation will materially increase the companies' revenues. With a few exceptions, the income from the sale of passage tickets does not much exceed the operating expenses, and the railway companies, as a rule, look to other sources for profits from which to pay interest on bonds and dividends on stock. It is fair to assume that the total abolition of the free pass system—with its more or less corrupting influences—would add at least ten per cent. to the passenger earnings of every railway in the United States.

Theoretically, a pass is issued as a compliment or courtesy. Practically, it is an illegitimate (in some respects unlawful) bid for business or influence. The jurists, the legislators, the State and county officers, the city officials from the mayor to aldermen, expect, and frequently demand, annual passes. Even the policeman has a "pull" at the pass system. The prominent shipper—any shipper is "prominent" who controls a carload consignment of live stock, grain, coal, lumber, or other merchandise—does not hesitate to apply for either a season or trip pass for himself, and also expects the courtesy of an occasional "deadhead" ticket for his wife and children. The [illegible] of each railway company, no matter how well or how ill paid, feels a traditional right to demand a pass for himself and his family even to the kinship of "his sisters, his cousins and his aunts."

The thought has often occurred to me that an employee of a wholesale grocer might, with equal propriety, demand that, in addition to his weekly salary, he should be provided with a box of soap or a barrel of sugar every Saturday night.

There is another feature of the pass system which is nonsensical if not objectionable from any viewpoint. Thousands of traveling agents and traffic solicitors, and many high priced officials—some with private cars and some without—are furnished each year with annual passes over a majority of the railway lines in this country.

These pass holders are supposed to travel on business for the railway companies they represent, and the theory upon which such "exchange annuals" are issued is reciprocal courtesy.

If a railway man travels on business for his employer—the railway company—he should buy a ticket or pay his fare and include the item in his expense account, just as he is required to itemize his hotel bill. In the end expenditures would be approximately equalized between the roads, and frequent abuse of the pass privilege would be done away.

While I have given a partial list of the beneficiaries of the free pass system, I must not forget to mention that the politicians of all parties, dominant or otherwise, are possibly the greatest leeches upon railway companies. From the candidate for the highest office in the State to that for the most ignoble, during the period antedating an election, come the most prolific demands for "deadhead" transportation, and in the past thousands upon thousands of cardboard tickets have been placed where they would presumably, do the most good for all concerned. Should the "community of interest" idea among the railways prevail in the land, this perquisite of the perennial office-seeker and politician will be relegated to obscurity.

Whether all of the classes of persons (and there are some others) referred to in this communication can be "turned down cold" at one fell swoop, or whether it is more desirable gradually to eliminate them from the list of desirables or preferences, is not for me to say.

The present is an opportune time, in my opinion, to sow the seed of reformation. If the harvest turns out only a partial crop this year there is no good reason to doubt that, with more seed sown and with better cultivation, next season's crop result may be eminently satisfactory.

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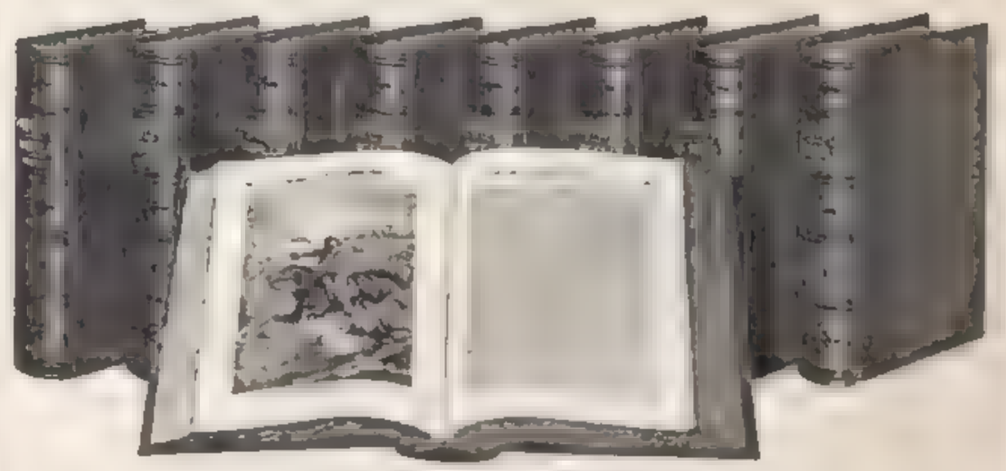

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Why the Major Married

By William J. Lampton

MAJOR MARR was a bachelor and not a day less than fifty years had passed over his head. But they had passed so high over it that they never touched him and the Major showed no signs of the flight of time. For at least fifteen years nobody had given him a birthday present, but this was not because he was friendless or unpopular, but because nobody knew where to look in the calendar for the date of his birthday, and the Major would not tell. It had even been intimated that he had prevaricated to the census taker

If the Major's age had been a matter of question in Chesterton, why he had never married was the unsolved problem of the town, and it was always the standing enigma at the meetings of the Chesterton Conundrum Club, of which organization the Major was not a member. Answers, numerous enough to have satisfied any conundrum ever propounded, had been given to it, but all seemed to lack the satisfaction that a properly answered conundrum always affords. If the Major was asked, as he frequently was by women of kindly instincts who hate to see a bachelor wasted, he merely laughed cheerily and said no woman of his acquaintance seemed to want him around the house as a permanent fixture, although he did very nicely as a boarder, being prompt pay and no faultfinder

The Major had a keen sense of humor; he also had money. How much of the latter he had no one knew except the assessor, and he was not certain, albeit the blanks he furnished annually were always filled out. But he must have had a great deal; at least, much more than he had of a sense of humor, because at the time of this chronicle he started a newspaper without other financial support than his own. And anybody who knows anything at all about the newspaper business knows this is no joke.

Evidently the Major had never heard of that poet who must have learned in suffering what he told in song, who has said:

"Man's a vapor,
Full of woes;
Starts a paper
Up he goes.

But the Major was neither a poet nor an editor when he began his journalistic career, he was a business man, and he hired somebody else to look after the local columns of his paper while he looked after its spinal column, on which the real success of journalism rests.

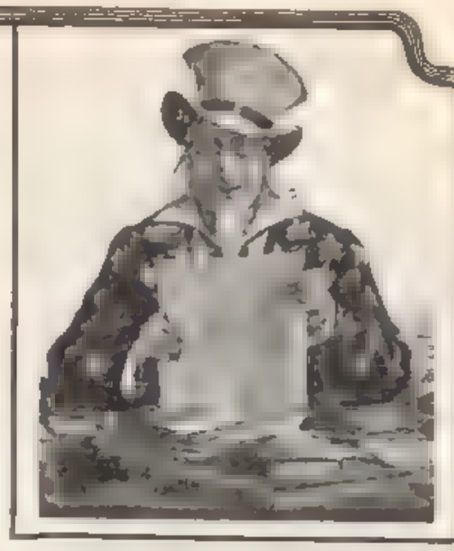
He named his paper the People's Standard, and, believing in the flourish of trumpets, he tooted the superiority of the P. S. over all competitors on all occasions. In one instance, to show his faith in the power of printer's ink, he announced in emphatic pica type that for one month he would spend in advertising the P. S. all the money received from advertisers, and there was a stir in business circles among the enterprising. He did exactly as he had agreed to do, for the Major's word was as good as a United States bond, but when he finished paying his bills on this reciprocity plan, he apologized to his advertising patrons whom he had chided at times for their lack of liberality in supporting their home paper, and assured them that he did not previously have the proper idea of estimating the difference between an incoming and an outgoing currency

"In other words," said the Major in a pleasant little postscript, "what seems to be rather limited when it is coming to me assumes voluminous proportions when I am giving it up."

When the Standard had been in existence for six months and its first volume was completed, the Major inaugurated the second volume by a grand display notice on the first page, to this effect

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!
Do You Want It?
$25 IN GOLD FOR ONE CENT
The People's Standard, With Good Will to All and Malice Toward None, Will Pay $25 in Gold to Any Subscriber, Man or Woman, Who Will Say on a Postal Card the Very Best Thing That Can Be Said About It
All Answers to be in Before August 10th
Address, THE PEOPLE'S STANDARD,
E. C. Marr, Ed. and Prop.

Uncle Sam is making Selections



from the examination papers of applicants, those who made the highest averages, and giving them choice permanent and well-paid positions. The man or woman whose average is highest gets the place Influence and wealth do not enter into it Nothing counts but ability to answer the questions correctly. *We can prepare you, as we have hundreds of others who passed with the highest averages and received the first appointments* Uncle Sam made nearly

10,000 Civil Service Appointments

of men and women in 1901—an average of nearly thirty for each working day. He will doubtless need a greater number for 1902 Examinations will soon be held in every State The Civil Service of the Philippines is something new and attractive Let us tell you about it

We will prepare you for his examinations, which are not difficult to those who are prepared.

Since 1893 we have been preparing applicants for Civil Service positions **by mail** by the plans we *originated* Hundreds of our students have been appointed. Do you want a government position? Do you want to know how we prepare our students, with what success they meet, our methods, rates, etc., as well as full particulars about all government positions salaries paid, when and where examinations are held, etc.? If so, address to-day,

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
19-42 Second National Bank Building
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The "BEST" Light

Superior to Electricity and costs less than Kerosene Oil. The wonder of the age! Each Lamp a Miniature Gas Works. SELL AT SIGHT

No Odor! No Smoke! No Dirt!

Perfectly safe. Over 100 different styles for Indoor and Outdoor use. Agents coin money. Write at once

The Best Light Co.
5-25 East 8th St.
Canton, O.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3.00

To introduce our new, perfect, durable and beautiful

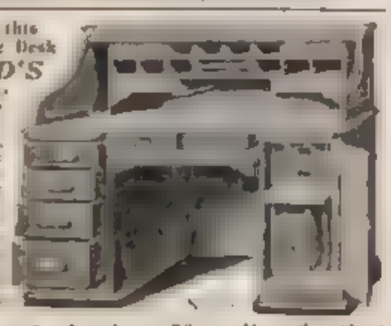
Brusselette Art Rugs

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides, and in all colors and sizes. [illegible] prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not [illegible] rugs in actual colors sent free.

SANITARY MFG. COMPANY, 48 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

No householder can afford to pass this offer

$19.30 for this fine Desk
STAFFORD'S



[illegible] Oak top, 30 in. long, 20 in. wide, matter-covered [illegible]

Desks $6 and up. Can furnish your Office or Home throughout at FACTORY PRICES. Send for Catalogues [illegible] No. 20, Office Furniture

E. H. STAFFORD & BRO. 18-20 Van Buren St. Chicago

This space reserved for the coupon on the other side of the leaf.

The Essentials of Polite Correspondence

Have you ever been in a quandary as to the correct form of address and salutation in Social, Official and Professional Life? "The Essentials of Polite Correspondence," while issued in the interest of

MARCUS WARD'S
"Royal Irish Linen"
Writing Paper

contains much information of value to every correspondent, with an introduction and chapter on Accepted Forms of Address, by Helen E. Gavit. It is "The Book for Every Desk." Send three two-cent stamps for a copy.

SPECIAL OFFER IN U. S. A. Book and Box Sample Boxes of "Royal Irish Linen" sent postpaid on receipt of price.

MARCUS WARD COMPANY
822 Sixth Avenue New York

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

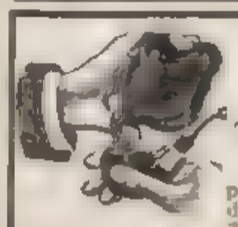
Through the generosity of the founders of the School, and several prominent manufacturers, the Trustees are able to offer each year a limited number of

Free Scholarships

In Electrical, Stationary, Mechanical, Locomotive, Marine and Textile Engineering; Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing, and Mechanical Drawing.

The Scholarships for 1902 are now available, and applications will be considered from the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* in the order received. Information and handbook describing courses, methods, etc., on application.

American School of Correspondence
Chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



PERFECTION
SELF-CLOSING
TOBACCO POUCH

Operates automatically, pours easily (see illustration), does not bulge the pocket. Tobacco cannot spill, simple and convenient. Every pipe or cigarette smoker should have one. Pipe or paper in one hand—pouch in other. Made in tan calf or black kangaroo, 50c, and Seal, 75c; mounted with sterling silver, $1.25 and $1.50. Any smoker will appreciate one. For those desiring "something better" we make them with gold and silver monograms or name plate—prices on application. Reference, Bradstreet Mer. Agency.

SELF-CLOSING POUCH CO.
Room 1308, Fullerton Building St. Louis, Mo.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

on this complete Title 66-egg Incubator [illegible] wants, safety lamp, a perfect regulator, HAWKEYE JR. INCUBATOR [illegible] and our new catalogue (all poultry covers) is now ready. Send for booklet and a year's subscription to leading poultry journal, 10 cents. Hawkeye Incubator Co. Box 24, Newton, Ia.

THE NEW INCANDESCENT LIGHT

The Lotto Lamp

USES A MIXTURE OF

85% Air and 15% Gas

In making the most brilliant illuminant—a clear saving of 66 per cent. in your gas bill If it doesn't stand the test, your money back If not sold in your town send us $1.00 for one complete—delivered.

New Catalogue "G" Free

American Incandescent Lamp Company
55 Park Place, New York

Spanish America Old and New

Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tours to Mexico and California traverses the land of Montezuma and the Spanish conquerors. Leaves New York February 11. Round-trip rate, including all expenses, $375. [illegible] Write for [illegible] to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

STAR
SAFETY RAZOR
(NEW MODEL)
"REGISTERED"

Shaves Clean and Never Pulls

Saves time, inconvenience and money

Star Safety Razors made in 1879 are still giving the best satisfaction to-day. Our new model, if properly handled and cared for, will last a lifetime.

Insist on getting the "3 Stars." There is none "just as good." Single Razors, complete, $2.00. Handsome Sets, $3.50 and up. Send for Catalogue.

KAMPFE BROTHERS, 8-12 Reade Street, NEW YORK
Or all leading dealers in high-class goods

WE WANT A NAME

For this New Garter and will pay **$25.00** *for it*

This is the only valuable practical improvement ever made in a loop garter. The loop is a flexible metal clasp that adjusts itself, fits every thickness of stocking, so that it holds firmly. Under strain it gives a little so that it **never Cuts or Tears the Finest Hose.** This makes the

Expanding Loop on Men's Garters

the ideal fastener. The best webbing in black, white, cardinal, gold, pink or blue, 25c., but for the next thirty days for **15c** we will mail you a pair and want you to compete for our prize, full particulars of which will be sent you.

Illustrated circular will be sent FREE.

CLEVELAND GARTER CO., 474 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, O.

A Beautiful Green Lawn In Six Weeks from Sowing

Wood, Stubbs & Co.'s Evergreen Lawn Grass Seed

The best grass seed offered for Lawns, Parks, Athletic Grounds, Cemeteries, Golf Links, etc. Forms a THICK VELVETY GREEN TURF in four to six weeks THAT WILL NOT DIE OUT and can be depended upon under all ordinary conditions. Withstands heat and drought as well as severest cold. Highly endorsed by Landscape Gardeners everywhere.

Special Offer We will send "Evergreen Lawn Grass" postpaid to addresses in the U. S. or Canada—Pint, 25c.; Quart, 35c.; 4 Quarts, 75c. One quart sows 300 square feet. Our book "Success with Lawns" sent with all orders or free to prospective buyers.

BY EXPRESS OR FREIGHT, buyer paying charges: Peck (8 lbs.) $1.25. Bushel (30 lbs.) $4.00. Five bushels or over, $3.50 per bushel. Sow 60 lbs. to the acre.

Finest Kentucky Blue Grass, Recleaned Field Grasses, "Dixie Velvet" lawn grass for the South, "Shady Green" lawn grass. Write for Seed Catalogue "B."

WOOD, STUBBS & CO., Seedsmen, Louisville, Ky.

E. S. Johnston.

Do Not STAMMER
You Can Be CURED
50 Years a Stammerer

Dr. J. B. Winston, Principal of Valley Seminary, Waynesboro, Va., writes: "I was a severe stammerer for 50 years. I was cured in three weeks, six years ago, by Dr. E. S. Johnston." Refers by permission to Bishops C. D. Foss and C. H. Fowler, of M. E. Church; Hon. John Wanamaker, Dr. Russell H. Conwell and ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison, of Philadelphia, who have sent us pupils. Write for new 40-page book to the

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE FOR STAMMERERS
1028 and 1042 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia

18th Year — EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Founder and President, who cured himself after stammering 40 years.

The Earth is Covered with Velvet to Those Who Wear GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS
"Inside their Shoes."

Remove Jar in Walking, Increase Height, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Arch the Instep. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ⅛ in., 25c.; ¼ in., 35c.; ½ in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and dep't stores. **READ:** Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2-cent stamp for pair on ten days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 16 Elm Street, Rochester, N.Y.

FREE OUR 1901-1902 CATALOGUE advertising at Wholesale Prices **20,000 BOOKS**

sent free to your address. Postage 5 cents. All books carried in stock. One price to everybody. We save you money.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY
266-268 Wabash Avenue Chicago
Largest Mail Order Booksellers in the World.

Just how many subscribers the P. S. had at the time nobody outside of the business office and circulation department knew, but it is a fact that so many postal cards were received in response to this generous offer that they had to be delivered in a wheelbarrow, and the carrier on that route—Chesterton had six carriers—threatened to strike for a horse and wagon or a reduction of labor.

As was to have been expected, all sorts of lovely things were said about the P. S., for there are not a few fluent and flattering persons who will lie for twenty-five dollars, but the Major was so pleased that he did not question motives or veracity; neither did he check up the postals with his list of subscribers. The Major was an enthusiastic journalist.

He sat up nights absorbing the postal card drops of distilled honey with no sign of surfeit, and then he selected one which so appealed to his sense of humor that he fairly chuckled all over. When he saw that it was from a woman he chuckled still more, because he had always been taught to believe that women have no sense of humor. Beyond the address there was only this writing on the card:

"The very best thing that can be said about it."

He did not comprehend it at first, and read it over a time or two in order to grasp its significance, but when he fully realized that his instructions had been carried out to the letter, and that the ten words required were all there, he slapped his leg in commendation, and chuckled as above stated.

He was quite well aware that he was going to have trouble whichever way he should decide who the winner was, and as this was a woman, and her answer certainly entitled her to first place, technically, gallantry and his sense of the humorous warranted him in making the award to her, and trusting to Providence to deliver him from the results of his decision.

There was a great hue and cry with threats of violence when the Standard officially announced what were the winning words, but the Major was firm, and went out of town until the cyclone of wrath had blown itself to calm. When he came back, smiling as of yore, and began to joke his constituents, they laughed a little themselves, and told him the lady was not a subscriber to his "obscure sheet," and that he had thrown his money to the birds, to use the language of the day.

"One bird, a really and truly bird," corrected the Major, smiling bravely, but he felt aggrieved at this duplicity on the part of Heaven's best gift to man, and he chewed his mustache fiercely in the sanctified seclusion of his private office where none dared intrude.

But when the lady called at the office to claim her reward, as she had been invited to do through the paper, and he saw plainly that she was pretty and plump, neither too old nor too young, and he learned that she was a widow out of her weeds, his feelings were appreciably mollified, not to say strangely elated, and he began to think he had made a mistake in not offering a half interest in his newspaper as the reward.

"Um-er," he mused, after she had gone, leaving a faint and delicious fragrance of rosemary and rue pervading the office and the Major's throbbing bosom; "um-er, I'll have to get that twenty-five back somehow or other; dinged if I don't!" Which was the Major's most profane and positive form of expression.

So he married her, and the People's Standard floated proudly in the breeze, and everybody applauded the Major's marriage and said the very best thing that could be said about it.

Our Many Bachelors

THE last Census showed that there were in the whole country 5,427,767 bachelors against 3,224,494 spinsters—an excess of 68 per cent. of bachelors over the unmarried women. There was not any State in the Union that did not have more bachelors than single women, even Massachusetts exhibiting a small fractional overplus of unattached males of marriageable age. To account for this situation of affairs it was explained that, the mass of the population of each State being paired off by marriage evenly as between the sexes, only a relatively small fraction of single persons old enough to marry was left over. In most States the male part of this fraction was much in excess of the female part. And it must also be remembered that women marry much younger than men.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Not Only a Help in Your Present Position, But Helps You to a Better Position

Five years ago the first School of Advertising in the world was founded by Edward T. Page and Samuel A. Davis. During this time they have placed scores of graduates in remunerative positions and taught hundreds of business men the correct methods of advertising. Is it not reasonable to believe that this vast experience can be of great value to you? Can you appreciate how much good this five years of practical, successful labor means to you? Don't you believe that you are secure in placing your instruction in their hands? Mr. Davis and Mr. Page give their personal attention to each and every student. You receive the instruction just as your individual case requires. No time is lost on a lot of worthless matter. This school does not experiment on its students. We know how to teach advertisement-writing because we are the originators.

Taught Thoroughly and Practically by Mail

Don't be a desk fiend, a counter slave, or an office machine. Advertisers have their own hours, come and go when they please, for in this very freedom, and mingling among men, lies their food for thought, their inspiration. It's your ideas, your brains, that are for sale; **not your hours.** There's a newer and better, different and brighter profession for the college youth, the Bookkeeper, Stenographer, Printer, Newspaper Correspondent and Clerk—a profession that admits of less dictation to them than any other business. The position is an important one—the rise is rapid—the chances are abundant.

The scholarship is non-forfeitable. This gives to the students ample opportunity to progress as the time at their disposal may warrant or their inclination may suggest. The work can be accomplished without conflicting with regular occupation or recreation.

The field is open! The present few are in great demand! They command high salaries. There is room for thousands. The country is big. The art is still in its infancy. Will you enter it?

Recognized by Prominent Business Men

S. S. Rogers, Manager News, Chicago.
H. W. Montgomery, Manager Tribune, Chicago.
Chas. T. Knill, Advertising Manager Hearst's American, Chicago.
J. W. Hunter, Manager Journal, Chicago.
L. L. Jones, Publisher Chronicle, Chicago.
William Henry, Manager Herald, Duluth, Minn.
Miss Kate Griswold, Editor Profitable Advertising, Boston, Mass.
Willis M. Hawkins, Editor "Brains," New York.
Howard P. Ruggles, Western Representative Cosmopolitan Magazine.
F. E. M. Cole, Representative McClure's Magazine.
Chas. H. Stoddart, Western Representative Munsey's Magazine.
Horatio R. Reed, Representative Review of Reviews Magazine.
W. J. Kennedy, Representative Ladies' World.
Lynn Abbott, Manager "Success."
John D. Ross, Representative Ledger Monthly.
Pierce Underwood, Advertising Manager Conkey's Home Journal.
Charles Sumner Pike, Representative The Outlook Magazine.
W. B. Prescott, Advertising Manager Young People's Weekly.
W. H. Ulrich, Representative Ainslee's Magazine.
A. H. Andrews, A. H. Andrews & Co., Chicago.
E. T. Cushing, Dearborn Foundry Co., Chicago.
L. D. Schoenburg, Proprietor, the May Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
J. O. Anderson, A. N. Kellogg & Co., Chicago.
M. S. Burrows, "Great Eastern," Duluth, Minn.
I. Woolf, Woolf's Clothing Co., Chicago.
Merritt W. Pinckney, Attorney, Chicago.
J. M. Grady, The May Shoe and Clothing Co., Denver, Colo.
C. A. Taylor, Advertising Manager Schlesinger & Mayer, Chicago.
E. C. Thurman, Manager Bankers' Review.

Write at once for eighty-eight pages of information and proofs free

There isn't an employer in the country to-day who doesn't appreciate and place a value on the services of the employee who knows something about advertising. He is the last man in his employ whom he would let go. What is this permanency worth to you? There is not a merchant in the country who isn't looking for a man with good, practical business ideas. It gives you a five years' lead over any one around.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY
Suite 18, 167 Adams St., Chicago

EARN $25.00 TO $100.00 PER WEEK

Coffee the very best

and the very most that can be put in an air-tight can and sold for fifty cents. One pound five ounces of the celebrated

Blanke's

Faust Blend

Coffee

If your grocer does not have it, write us, and send 60 cents in stamps, and we will send you a can by mail.

Playing Cards Just received 3000 packs—the finest ever made—they retail at 75 cents. Send us 30 cents in stamps and we will mail you a pack.

C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co.

St. Louis

FROM TO WITHOUT ADULTERATION

Huyler's

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

QUALITY UNEQUALLED

If your grocer does not handle these goods, drop us a postal card to 64 Irving Place, N. Y. City, with his name, and we will send you a free booklet and sample of our delicious Cocoa.

Knowledge That Brings the Dollars

The Art of Correct and Forceful Business Correspondence, Practically and Thoroughly Taught by a Practical Business Man and Business Instructor in

"How to Write a Business Letter"

The man who can write a business letter is in line for a place in the business world. My little book teaches all the things you need to know about the correct framing of business correspondence. It is a compendium of such practical information as is urgently required by all who aspire to business success.

Sent prepaid on receipt of 25c. in stamps or silver.

CHAS. R. WIERS, Box 550, Trenton, N. J.

THIS BLUE SIGNATURE

Liebig

GUARANTEES

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

BEWARE OF "JUST AS GOODS"

ILLUSTRATING

TAUGHT BY CORRESPONDENCE

Also Newspaper Sketching, Designing, etc. Best Methods. Prepares quickly for Paying Work. Personal Instruction and guidance. Adapted to all. Students enthusiastic. Easy terms. Largest and Most Practical School. Incorporated.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

Write for particulars 11 S. Penn St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

FOR COLD FEET

Rheumatism, Callouses, Tender or Perspiring Feet wear IS-TERLACED CURLED-HAIR INSOLES. Every pair guaranteed for a year. Send 25c. or stamps and size of shoe to H. MORITZ, 1502 Brown St., Phila., Pa. *Agents Wanted.*

Men & Women of the Hour

Cabinet and President Maker

General P. A. Collins, Consul-General to London under President Cleveland, and recently elected Mayor of Boston, has certainly had a career of the kind to interest the American-born as well as the alien citizen of the country. Born in Ireland, the son of poor parents, he entered this country in poverty and fought his every step upward through occupations of many sorts. Finally he reached the law, became interested in politics, went to Congress, practically nominated Cleveland at the famous national convention, and was sent to London as a reward. Now he is the Mayor of the city which he has loved all his life.

General Collins has often said that in the law he has found that there has been hardly an incident of his early days but has proved of service to him in his profession. An instance of this occurred not so very long ago and is still fresh in many minds. He was appearing before a high court in a case in which a large amount of upholstering was in question.

The contention of his clients was that the work had been improperly done, and that therefore they should not be called upon to take the goods.

The case went along at usual length, with no evidences of extraordinary exertion on the part of General Collins until the exhibit was put in as evidence, when with perfect confidence he announced that he proposed to make his demonstration and thereon rest his case. Swinging one of the chairs to the table in front of him he began to tear it to pieces till the disjointed frame lay naked before him. Judge, jury and lawyers were watching him with open eyes. Then with all the ease of a trained mechanic he began to assemble the parts and within half an hour he displayed the chair finished and complete as he thought it should be.

The difference was apparent at once, and the case was won. When the questioners came about him, with inquiries as to how he had been able to acquire so thorough a knowledge in so short a time as the case allowed, he replied that when almost a boy he had served his time at the trade.

An Inland Naval Power

"Vermont is becoming a chosen retreat for literary men," said Mr. Charles H. Darling, the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy. "Kipling's sojourn with us turned attention toward the north country and now several men celebrated in letters have established themselves in homes in Vermont. Near Bennington, where I live, Mr. Winston Churchill has built himself a hermitage.

"Vermont," continued Mr. Darling, "is well represented in the Navy. Admiral Dewey, Captain Charles E. Clark and Captain George A. Converse are Vermonters, and Congressman George Edmund Foss, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, is also from our State. To breed distinguished sea-fighters and legislators skilled in naval affairs is a good showing for a State without a mile of seacoast."

For fifteen years Mr. Darling has had the unique experience of being simultaneously a practicing attorney and a judge of the Superior Court. When his own court was not in session he would argue cases in the other courts. Frequently it happened that a lawyer who appeared before him one day would be his legal opponent the next.

In meeting Mr. Darling one is impressed by his self-possession. He has achieved much, but there is nothing in his manner to suggest that he has led the "strenuous life."

Mr. Darling is an advocate of higher salaries for public officials. "As it is," he states, "a man who is making his way cannot afford to accept a Government position." He has been amused at a story he heard since his arrival in Washington. An Assistant Secretary in one of the departments, a wealthy man, went house-hunting in Washington immediately after his appointment. His salary is $4500 a year. He secured a house at a rental of $4000. On the occasion of his first dinner in his new house he appeared to be much preoccupied.

"What is worrying you, dear?" asked his wife cheerily.

"Oh," he replied, "I am wondering what we shall do with the remaining five hundred dollars of my salary."

The WING PIANO

A Wing style
21 other styles to select from

Save from $100 to $200

We make the WING PIANO and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen. When you buy the WING PIANO you pay the actual cost of construction and our small wholesale profit. This profit is small, because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from $100 to $200 profit on each. You can calculate this yourself.

It is Easy to Deal With Us

Our many styles give a greater variety of pianos to select from than is found in any retail store. The large lithographs in our catalogue show you these styles in the different woods, making it easy for you to select. Our correspondence department answers any questions you may ask and gives all information promptly. You will find it more convenient, as well as more economical, to buy a piano from us than to buy from your local dealer. We sell on easy payments, and take old instruments in exchange.

The Instrumental Attachment

imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

Sent on Trial. We Pay Freight

No Money in Advance

We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory *after twenty days' trial in your home we take it back entirely at our expense.* You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.

SPECIAL FEATURES—Built-up wrest-plank construction, dove-tailed top and bottom frame case construction, full length, extra heavy metal plate, metal depression-bar, metal key-bed support, improved noiseless direct-motion pedal action, noiseless twisting hammer shank, imported wrought-iron tuning-pins, copper-covered bass strings, improved practice attachment, full-length duet music-desk, instrumental attachment.

In Thirty-three Years Over 31,000 Pianos

We refer to over 31,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States. WING PIANOS are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

A BOOK OF INFORMATION

about pianos, bound in cloth and containing 116 large pages, sent free on request. Every one who intends to purchase a piano should have it. Write for it *to-day.*

WING & SON

218-220 East 12th Street, New York

1868—34th YEAR—1902

Your. Start in Life

Get a good position and do your work so well that your employer will keep his eyes on you. That with steady work will make you sure of success.

Hard? No; easy. Many young men and young women are doing it—though they never dreamed of it. They come to our school. Start in business right away—that's our unique method—enjoy every minute of it; and in a few months they make their start in the "big world" with a great advantage over their fellows.

Whatever work they choose, they are better and get ahead faster for having been here.

Stenography and typewriting, bookkeeping, banking, business of any sort. Knowledge of business helps a good farmer to be a better farmer, if he doesn't want to become a merchant.

For Men or Women. Send for the book that tells you how to get your start in life.

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

1820-22 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

"DEARBORN JUNIOR" Typewriter Table Cabinet

Made of golden oak, handsome finish. The cheapest, handiest and most serviceable piece of office furniture made. Sold on approval for $10, charges prepaid east of the Rockies. Use it 30 days; if not satisfactory, return it at our expense and we will refund your money. Write for illustrated catalogue of the famous Dearborn Cabinets.

DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

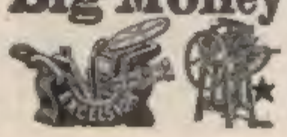
SHORTHAND HOME STUDY

Simplest Best The Peerless Gregg

By a novel plan you EARN while you LEARN. We assist by loaning Typewriter. Inquire

MER. STENO. INST., 195 Canal Street, Chicago

Big Money



Made or saved. Print your own cards, &c., with a $5 Press. Larger size for circulars, books, newspapers, $18. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamps for samples, catalogue of presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.

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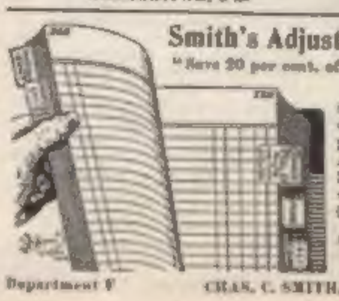

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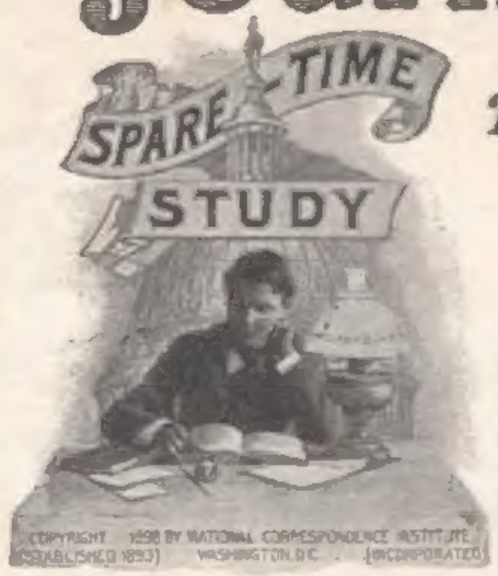

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Ben Franklin's Wit.

He silenced his critics by pointing a moral regarding flour

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made by The Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y. Those who eat it, like Franklin, need no man's patronage, and, in addition, are not likely to need any man's pills or medicines either, because it is a food which brings health with it.

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	At beginning.	In 60 days.
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" contracted	31½	31½
" expanded	34½	39½
Waist	29	29
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Biceps	10¾	13¾
Forearms	9½	10¾
Weight	137	150
Height	5 8½	5 8½

In addition to this large increased muscular development my general health is decidedly improved. Thanking you for what you have done for me and with best wishes for your continued success, I am, very sincerely,

T. O. JENNINGS, *Contg. Fgt. Agt.*

From a Prominent Attorney

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Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.—My Dear Sir: Allow me to thank you for your kindness for the past two months and for your instructions, which have been to me one of the richest blessings that I have ever received. At the time of beginning your exercises I was simply a nervous wreck—was constipated and suffered intensely with indigestion, was easily overtaxed when attempting work of any kind and seemed almost impossible to recuperate without laying off for months all mental and physical labor, but thanks to you, I was enabled without medicine of any description (something I had not done for over two years) to keep up with my work and at the same time increase my weight and general health until now—only two months—I feel like a new man; am healthy, strong and tireless. Now, I do not know how to be tired, as the exercise you give seems to rest me instead of tiring—it acts like a stimulant to a tired body. It does me a great deal of good to say that I have forgotten the taste of "pepsin" and such other medicines for a weak stomach or digestive organs, and that *I eat anything I want*. I can heartily recommend your system of exercise to anyone that desires a good physical condition—a condition that when the mind is tired and needs the night's rest, restful sleep will be his reward. I will take pleasure in answering any correspondence that will in anywise help you along the road to success and some unfortunate to the road of health. Wishing you merited success, I am, very truly yours,

(Signed) C. O. PROWSE, *Attorney at Law.*